

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

STANDING on a street corner, with nowhere specially to go and nothing of urgency to attend to, one sees very odd people pass, and strange antics and peculiar developments of character excite attention. It is remarkable that so few people who pretend to be thoughtful or observant ever wait to see the throng go up or down the street. Those who are idle and possibly observant have no means of expressing to the more hurried fraction of humanity what they see. One is almost led to envy the tramp and the loiterer who wait for an occasional chance to run a street car or get an odd job. Possibly in them the faculty to observe is lacking, while the opportunities are so numerous. Perhaps they might not remark the old lady with the prunella shoes who gets off the car at the corner of Church and King streets, nor be at all impressed by the care which she takes to conceal the fact that she does not wear the recognized color of stockings. The young woman who gets off with the somewhat bedraggled white skirt is a type in her way; so is the old man with the cap; and there are a dozen others who have some peculiar characteristic.

Standing on the street corner of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, where the cars rattle along lines which meet and pass, one finds a transportation company pushing forward a trade much like that which is traceable to the Toronto Street Railway Company on the corner of King and Church streets. We see odd people coming and going and we wonder about them. The queer prunella shoes and the felt cap, and the old fellow who gets out with a stick, and the queer and very stout woman, all recall the types which the new century is bringing in and the old one is leaving behind.

The last year has been one of extraordinary processions, celebrations, and public attendance at functions which were intended to make important the leaving or the arrival of a few very unimportant people who had taken on importance because of being annexed to a public movement. For over a twelvemonth it seems as if we have been constantly going to some unusual thing of this sort and presenting people with medals, and wildly wishing them success, and weeping over those whose return might be a fact, and whose departure or return was entirely immaterial to our personal happiness. Gradually this sort of thing has died out and people have come or gone with less public disturbance, but the majority of us have had a guilty feeling that we were not doing quite the right thing by contingents when our voices were not attuned to some wild yell of acclaim, if we did not personally expose our bodies to wintry influenza to prove that we were loyal and affectionate. The continued occurrence of events of this sort which made us feel somewhat sneaky if we were absent, has been wearing. I sometimes wonder if it has not worn out some of the impulses that we should have cherished and developed by less persistent clamor.

After these things come the Queen's death and funeral. Probably nothing else would have excited the people to a renewal of their attendance upon crowded pavements to see something happen. I forget who it was that said that the ordinary man or woman is content, in a life of emptiness, to occasionally see something happen to somebody. Great Britain has been having an extraordinary ebullition of enjoyment over seeing these indefinite somethings happening. The sincere affection which the people have felt for the Queen colored the latter pageant with a feeling of liking which was so heartfelt that the whole funeral arrangements up to a certain point were like those which would be made for one's own kinsfolk. It seems to me possible, however, that this sort of thing can be pushed too far. Everyone has troubles of one's own, and we cannot be expected to suffer for too long a period because of the woes of someone in whom we are only indirectly interested. To prolong the agony of mourning until March seems to me to be asking us to be sorry for a longer period than the ordinary mortal has a capacity for sorrowing. Mourning of an official sort, of course, does not necessarily mean grief, but it means that the shopkeepers of London and the people who are doing business throughout the British Empire must feel the depression which the mourning is intended to create. I believe I have a capacity for as intense patriotic sorrow as anybody, and I think I could prolong it quite as successfully as a widow, but I do not feel called upon to overwork my tearfulness—nobody should; and while I do not share the pessimistic views of a great many writers, I regret the undue accentuation which has been made of one person being of so much more importance than another. I am not speaking personally, for in matters of this sort I really have no views, but if one falls into touch with the great British populace one cannot fail to appreciate the fact that a sentiment lasts but a very little while, and that men and women and children begin to appreciate, after a short spell of patriotic sentiment, that they ought to be the object of sympathy and that they want to feel some gentle hand touch them. Without doubt this is the dangerous place in the transfer from the old regime to the new one.

Possibly for centuries there has not been so conspicuous and striking an event as the King and the Kaiser leading the procession which was to make notable the funeral of a woman. The King was sixty years old; his nephew who rode by his side was little more than half his age. It is not many months ago since the Kaiser was executed in London, which is the heart of the British Empire. Stolidly these two men rode as the exemplars of Great Britain and Germany. We do not need to be in London to observe this pageant. Three thousand miles of perspective does not make less significant the thing which, no doubt, they decided that they would establish. Personally I have no desire to see anything else established; I am a good enough Englishman and sufficiently convinced that monarchy is preferable to the strange thing offered to us instead of it, not to create any dispute; yet as we stand at the street corner and see strange people pass, and as we loiter about and wonder at the queer things which the new century puts up for our observation, we cannot fail to notice the two kings as they ride on horseback at the head of the great procession of grief. We understand thoroughly well that they are born of the opinion that there is one class of mankind born booted and spurred, ready to ride, and that they esteem that the other class, which means the millions, are born saddled and bridled, ready to be ridden. As we see the procession pass and we turn this proposition over in our minds and watch the faces of those who see the pageant pass by, we will likely form our impressions as to how long that feudal notion will last. We will consider ourselves as the old woman with the prunella gaiters and the old man with the felt cap, and try to arrive at a conclusion. It may be a very improper one, and there is certainly no more improper conclusion ever arrived at than the one that is born of envy or the malicious comparisons which the unimportant make of their condition with that of those who are more fortunately born. I think this does not enter into our

view of the two men who passed by on horseback. The Spanish expression for a gentleman is "caballero," which means he goes a-horseback, and the peasant is the fellow who goes "a pio" (afoot). It is quite possible that there is a grudging sense on the part of the populace caused by their recognition of the fact that they must always be afoot. People hate to have rubbed into them the solitary and humiliating fact that some must ride and others must walk. The fact remains, however, that it is not monarchy which makes the multitude go afoot, but the personal impulse to be governed and allow other people to have the reins of power. Really the old feudal notion that the majority of people were born saddled and bridled ready to be ridden, is not far astray. The King and the Kaiser as they looked on the crowd must have wondered how far that multitude was prepared to be ridden. The omnipresent anarchist was not even there to disturb by chance shots at the kings, the belief that the world was created for these people. With some sort of intuition which was probably better than reason, the throne-wreckers left the kings alone at this great funeral pageant. Probably they thought it better to leave the world to think the thing out, and probably that is what the world will do.

While the King and the Kaiser rode on horseback and exemplified the dignity of their position, it is well for the people of the United States and Canada to contemplate the vulgar and careless men who head the procession in a hack. Kings who have been brought up to the kingly business and with the kingly impulses, are certainly less objectionable than the plutocrats who assume to say what the public shall believe with regard to the Standard Oil Company and those crucifying trusts which leave the people to go on foot while these unhandsome monarchs of finance pass by. They do not ride horses; they assume none of the old

on horseback, is an unpicturesque and dangerous figure in the political procession. The imported peasant priest may belong to any denomination. The whole system of Church representation on the bench is injurious and wrong. It is calculated to detract from the dignity of justice and to give the churches a status in the administration of the law which they have no right to claim. The Government is scarcely to blame, however, inasmuch as all sorts of wire-pulling are resorted to and pressure is brought to bear from the most unexpected quarters the moment any vacancy of this kind occurs. If the Government were left alone in such matters it would undoubtedly make appointments which would give satisfaction to the whole public, while recognizing in proper measure party and public services. The Government, I believe, can afford to ignore sectarian claims in the distribution of judge ships, for the men who go up to Ottawa asking for recognition because they belong to this church or that, are very seldom the dangerous characters they represent themselves to be, and if they are turned down can do little harm to the people they threaten. Priests and ministers may take a selfish interest in things of this kind, and may pretend to speak for their parishioners, but I do not believe that church members at large care a brass farthing what denomination may have the preponderance of judgeships so long as the administration of justice remains decent and above-board.

THE late B. B. Osler was undoubtedly one of the remarkable men of his day and generation in Canada. His personality was unique. He had a powerful, penetrating and highly trained intellect. More than all, he had acquired a wonderful knowledge of human nature on its smooth as well as its seamy side. His success be-

the destiny that draws him on. Britton Bath Osler's name and achievements will long be a noble and honorable tradition in the legal profession in Canada. His death severs one more of the shining links binding us to the century that has slipped into the realm of history.

SO much has been said about the Rev. Armstrong Black's sermon prophesying and almost invoking a "baptism of blood" for Canada, that I suspect even that worthy gentleman commences to doubt his gift of prophecy. A prophet of evil is always unwelcome, and he is doubly so when he happens to be a comparative stranger. I do not think the Rev. Armstrong Black's words on this occasion ought to be taken very seriously. I doubt if he really took them quite seriously himself. The reverend speaker, it may be, was carried away by the prevailing emotion of the moment into an attempt to render a dramatic occasion still more dramatic by saying something unexpected and sensational. The pastor of St. Andrew's has drifted into new surroundings, which he does not yet understand, and probably never will understand. He was brought here without anybody knowing that he was akin to the people of this country. It is quite evident that he does not comprehend us, and that we don't comprehend him. The whole matter may well be allowed to rest with this simple summing up of the case.

FOLLOWING up what I had to say last week about the proposed popular subscription for a statue to Queen Victoria, I notice a paragraph by "Bystander" in the "Weekly Sun" which is so much to the point that I will quote it in full:

"Saturday Night" argues with force that public testimonials in the shape of statues or monuments should be decreed by the public and defrayed out of the public purse. This would be the best security for a proper choice of subjects, and against the obtrusion of any idols of sectional partiality into the temple of national fame. The writer might have gone on to give us a few words on the general practice of raising subscriptions for commemorative purposes. Whenever feeling is stirred by any event, especially by a death, active spirits set to work to raise subscriptions. People are constrained by pressure to give, whether they sincerely share the feeling or not. Yet if you want to deprive your dead friend's memory of its fragrance the surest way is to levy a tax upon the living in his honor. When Prince Albert died a private subscription was started for a monument, and as enthusiasm presently cooled, the collectors were fain to have recourse to the most unseemly importunities, not a little to the disparagement of the memory which it was their object to exalt. The monument ought to have been voted by Parliament."

EVERYBODY has a right to make a suggestion, and here is one which will probably kick up a row:

"Dear Sir,—Two propositions; are they worth your consideration and laying before the proper authorities? That next season the Niagara Navigation Company's steamers be run on Sundays. "The Tin-Pan Show" will doubtless attract crowds from all parts of the States to Buffalo. Many will wish to visit Canada—Sunday will naturally be the day that will be the most convenient. Many would take the trip on Sunday that otherwise would not come at all, not wanting to give up a week day from the Fair. Toronto will receive an adv. in all parts of the States. It would be a large increase of the revenue of the Navigation Company. If the kickers of Toronto, who try their best to hold the town back, bring the case to law, the case could be appealed, and the boats run in the interval. If what a prominent Toronto lawyer told me be true, if fought to the end there could be no law in this country found to prevent the boats sailing from Toronto to a foreign port, say Lewiston. Give Toronto people one summer of the Sunday boats, and they would become as indispensable as Sunday cars."

"Would it not be a good idea to light the tower of our new City Hall at night, as the Philadelphia City Hall is lighted every night? Three arc lamps on each side of the tower roof would have a fine effect at night on the appearance of a building that cost the ratepayers so much. The lights could be seen from all parts of the city, and would be worth their cost in effect many times over."

THE question of disposing of the bodies of the dead by cremation is an interesting one, and it is not surprising that insurance societies and religious associations are giving it their attention. It will probably startle the average reader to learn that at the present time about 2,000 bodies are annually cremated in the principal cities of the United States, and according to data recently published for the years 1876-1898 there were cremated during this period 8,885 bodies in the various cities of that country. While there were but 100 cremations during the year 1888, ten years later, that is, during 1898, the number had reached 1,699. Since then there has been a further increase, but the complete returns for the past year are not yet available. Montreal, I understand, is before long to have a crematory, and Canada will slowly fall into line in the matter of sanitary disposal of the dead. Of course there will always be the religious objection to contend with. This is based wholly upon the ground that the Scriptures require the body to be buried in the earth, the possibility of resurrection being mysteriously associated with the laying away of the remains in this fashion. But a new objection, from an entirely different quarter, must now be dealt with. The insurance companies object to this process of disposing of the dead on the ground that incineration serves as an incentive to crime, particularly that of poisoning, in view of the increased opportunities of destroying the evidence of guilt. It is easy to conceive how the insurance fraud may be encouraged in this conspiracy when the assurance has gone forth that a certain person when dead will be cremated. A mercenary wife may destroy her husband for the insurance on his life, and vice versa, for almost as many women are insured in this age as men. Had the insurance fiend Holmes, who was executed a few years ago, been able to dispose of his victims by cremation, it is doubtful if the law would ever have encompassed him. Numerous other instances might be recalled where cremation would have saved the murderer from prosecution and conviction. So that the argument of the insurance companies is one that appeals to the highest interests of society, to the domestic life of the nation, and must be honestly faced. In the argument of the religiousists, however, there is less worthy of controversy. It is largely a matter of sentiment whether a body be burned or interred in a hole in the ground. The mere fact that the Scriptures contain no record of incineration is a flimsy excuse for opposing the practice. As well hold that because the body of Christ was laid in a tomb the remains of his apostles and of the generations following should likewise have been entombed. What matter about the body whether it lie in the earth, food for worms, or be reduced to ashes by incineration? The bottled ashes should



THE TWO MEN ON HORSEBACK.

feudal paraphernalia which is so successful in diverting the public attention from the fact that the multitude are on foot. They ride past us as we stand at the street corner where the old and the new centuries cross, with the insolence which comes with the possession of money. We see the King and the Kaiser go past, without any indignation, but when the carriage comes along with these men who have much more to do with our being afoot, there is a rising of the gorge which is thoroughly excusable. There are strange things to be seen at the street corner, and marvellously odd are the people that we watch pass where the centuries intersect.

I must be admitted that there is reason on the side of the "Christian Guardian" in its remarks about judgeships. The organ of the Methodist Church disclaims all intention of clamoring for denominational representation on the High Court bench, but it very properly says that if vacancies are to be filled with regard to the religion of the appointees, the Methodist Church ought in all justice to have its claims considered. The Anglicans, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics and Baptists have all contributed to the personnel of the High Court. Why not the Methodists? The late Mr. Justice Rose, on donning the ermine, was supposed to have been appointed in order to represent this great denomination, which felt itself to be in a condition of exclusion. The vacancy caused by his death has been filled by the appointment of one who is not a Methodist, but who will, nevertheless, make an excellent judge—Mr. William Lount. The only other vacancy, it seems, is to be given to a representative of the Roman Catholics, and if reports are to be believed the Government is making itself cheap by peddling the position around in an effort to find someone who will accept the honor and who, while fulfilling the theological requirements, will also be a fit and proper person for so important a trust. Cloister politics are always disgusting, but in no case are they more so than in connection with judgeships and similar exalted positions. If the Separate schools were turning out men with qualifications for the bench, cloister politics would be unnecessary in order to obtain such recognition. The curse of the Separate school system is that the boys who pass through it never rub elbows with any except their own narrow circle, and when the time comes for them to claim something from the general community they must do so by cabal. The imported peasant priest, who was born to walk but tries to palm himself off as a man

fore juries, it is admitted, was due less to his legal acumen or to mere talents than to the whole sum of his personal traits, both mental and physical. Yet it could scarcely be said that he possessed personal magnetism in the ordinary sense of the term, for his appearance was rather forbidding than attractive. In his best days he used to quietly dominate both judge and juryman, so it is said, though none of these might be conscious of the fact. I can readily believe that the spell he cast over a court-room was partially hypnotic. But it was undoubtedly due in large measure to the great reputation he acquired by an extraordinary chain of successes some years ago. It came to be thought, in fact, that a murderer against whom Britton Bath Osler was retained, was as good as hung, and for many years the same almost fatalistic success followed him before the civil courts. It is a great thing to acquire a reputation as a sure winner, for though it may be a hard reputation for an ordinary man to live up to, a man of Mr. Osler's unusual gifts is certain to profit by it. In recent years the deceased lawyer had comparatively fewer successes. He lost several great criminal trials, and the question must suggest itself whether the process of physical breakdown did not really commence much earlier than it was suspected. He was a man who, to rescue one dear to him, had risked his own life and suffered disfigurement in an act requiring not only courage, but instantaneous decision. This perhaps speaks more eloquently of the real man than any of his professional achievements. Quiet intrepidity was characteristic of his whole career. He could not be bluffed. Though he might have occupied a high position in political life, he declined to be coaxed or cajoled into deserting his practice, which must have been enormously remunerative. Yet with all his insight and talent he was no wiser than any other poor mortal who, in pursuit of what is called success, makes a slave of himself and is rewarded with premature death. Of course a man's life is not to be measured by years alone, for one man may truly live more in ten years than another in fifty. B. B. Osler might well have lived ten or fifteen years longer had he chosen to take things easy. But he was not of a nature that could do so, and perhaps it is wrong to say that death came to him prematurely. Perhaps death comes to none prematurely. I do not purpose extracting any lesson from the remarkable career that came to its termination so suddenly at Atlantic City. Lessons from the lives of others are seldom read and never learned. Each of us thinks he possesses the secret of the art of living, and each follows



surely furnish as much solace to mourning friends as the meaningless mound in the city cemetery. The argument is all on the side of cremation. The public health demands it, and even the insurance companies may be insured against loss by introducing in every city where the practice is permitted, a thorough examination of the body, so that the cause of death may be ascertained beyond a reasonable doubt before it has been placed in the crematory.

**G**REAT as is the volume of bad poetry ordinarily produced in this country, no occasion has ever called forth such a mass of wretched scribbling as the death of the Queen. Nearly all the dailies have printed columns of rhymed rubbish that could not possibly have been interesting or edifying to any of their readers except those who had written the stuff and would buy copies in order to see their names in print and send them to distant friends. "Saturday Night," I believe, is about the only Canadian newspaper that has firmly and steadily declined to afflict its readers with the doggerel of the moment. Even the papers that have been the greatest offenders against good taste in this matter have felt constrained to poke fun editorially at the product of the versifiers. However, as a means of preventing future outbreaks of the kind we have been suffering from, I am going to inform all and sundry Canadian poets that they really need not lay further siege to editorial offices nor bombard the fractious reader with odes and sonnets which he has not the good taste to appreciate. Recognizing at last the true place of the modern poet in the economy of civilization, someone has established a periodical called by the suggestive name of "The Thrush," which is devoted to the "sole use of poets and their readers." This is an excellent idea. Verses on the old century, the new century, and the Queen, of which we have had an unstinted feast, can be sent to this periodical, published, I believe, in New York, without endangering the already overworked digestion of the men whose appetite for poetry is only moderate. Anyone who reads "The Thrush" must do so with malice aforethought, and is not bunched into buying reams of rhyme in the hallucination that he is purchasing a daily newspaper. "The Thrush" sails under no false colors. It proclaims itself to all the world as the organ of the sad-eyed people who run to sighs and sonnets. Its purchaser knows what he is getting and can avoid it if he wishes. Not so with the daily papers, that treat us, all unexpectedly and uninvited, to the wailing cadences of some unknown soulful singer suffering from an acute attack of sentimental soap-lover.

**T**HE singular insurance case tried before Mr. Justice Street this week, and in which a Roman Catholic priest named Brophy figured in so peculiar a manner, furnished one of the most remarkable instances of cupidity and of the gambling spirit of this generation. The proposition was simply this: A young life insurance agent named Cromar wished to make a large haul in the shape of commissions. He conceived the idea of insuring his own life for an immense sum in several companies, getting some wealthy man to pay the premiums, which he could not afford to do. Cromar induced Father Brophy, an octogenarian, to go into the scheme. The agent was young, and apparently healthy, and was considered a good risk. No difficulty was found in getting \$82,275 insurance on his life. Under Cromar's direction, the priest took out annuity policies in several of the companies, the annual income of which would just pay the premiums on the policies on the agent's life. For instance, Father Brophy took out an annuity for \$2,546.70 in the North American Life, which yielded him \$300 annually. This just paid the yearly premiums on the company's \$6,025 policy on Cromar. Then there were more commissions on the scheme, which the Rev. Father and the agent again divided. Cromar's profits are believed to have amounted to about \$6,000, which was so much clear gain for him. The ordinary expectation would, of course, be that the aged Brophy would predecease the young and vigorous Cromar, and in that case the latter would have been forced to let the policies lapse, for he was without the means to keep up the premiums. The venture was therefore a scheme on Cromar's part to make a haul out of the commissions, while on the priest's part it was a pure gamble, for under ordinary circumstances he could never hope to outlive the insured. But the unexpected, as frequently happens, came to pass. On April 24 last the agent died, and Father Brophy collected insurance on the dead man's life to the extent of \$70,000. The only companies that did not pay up were the Royal Victoria and the North American Life. These companies disputed Brophy's claim, and the court has decided in their favor on the ground that the policies were gambling policies, and therefore void.

If this decision holds good, the companies that paid over \$70,000 without a murmur will feel that they were beautifully "had." But apart from the aspect which the case assumes to the legal mind, I think that without question the general consensus of opinion will be that the insurance companies, having entered into a contract and accepted the premiums, should have stood by their terms. We are all familiar with the man who in his eagerness to do business will accept a tender or enter into an agreement without giving due weight to possibilities, and will then trust to luck to wriggle out on a technicality if he finds he is going to be pinched. Many fire insurance and life insurance companies are prone to raise difficulties only when loss has been incurred; as a rule they are eager enough to accept anyone's hard cash without very much inquiry at the outset. They wish to lock the stable door after the horse has been "lifted." It is quite true that the Cromar policies were gambling policies, but it seems to me the companies must have been aware of that fact when they were piling \$82,000 worth of insurance on the life of a man whose financial standing was such that he could not be expected to meet his payments on such a sum.



HON. W. L. MOWAT.

The late Hon. J. E. Rose's successor on the High Court Bench. (Photo by Lyman, Toronto.)

### Social and Personal.

**O**N Thursday the first session of the Ninth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened at Ottawa without the usual brilliancy of display that characterizes such functions, but with all outward evidence of deep national mourning for her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The first work of the session really took place on Wednesday with the enrolling of the members and the election of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Senate convened at 2:30 o'clock, when Hon. Mr. Power, the newly-appointed Speaker, took the oath of allegiance and assumed office forthwith. Then the four gentlemen who were recently called to the Senate were introduced between Hon. David Mills and Hon. R. W. Scott, and took their seats. The quartette consists of Hon. Lyman Melvin-Jones, Hon. Robert Mackay, Hon. George McHugh, and Hon. A. T. Wood. Very soon afterwards Hon. Justice Gwynne, Deputy Governor, arrived in state and seated himself on the dais. His mission was to make the announcement that His Excellency would disclose the reasons why Parliament had been summoned as soon as the House of Commons had chosen a Speaker. It had been intended that Chief Justice Sir Henry Strong should discharge this duty, and a commission was issued to him for this purpose, but owing to indisposition he could not undertake the task, and a fresh commission had therefore to be prepared for Hon. Justice Gwynne. The Commons, having been summoned to the Senate chamber, came trooping in, headed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Clerk of the House. On the appearance of Sir John Bourinot at the bar, Mr. Speaker Power declared the wish of the Governor-General, and the obedient Commons then



HON. LOUIS PHILIPPE BRODEUR,  
The new Speaker of the House of Commons.

withdrew to give effect to it. The proceedings in the Commons were brief but dignified. All but a few members were in their seats, and the galleries were filled with interested spectators. Sir Wilfrid Laurier alluded to the sad event which had deprived the empire of the Queen, and said the House could not give expression to its sense of this deep loss until it had elected a Speaker. Amidst great applause the Premier then moved, seconded by Sir Richard Cartwright, that Mr. Louis P. Brodeur, member for Rouville, be appointed to the chair. In submitting the motion Sir Wilfrid dwelt upon Mr. Brodeur's exceptional qualifications for the office, and expressed the hope that the resolution submitted to the House would be unanimously accepted. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, as senior Privy Councillor on the Opposition side, concurred in the appointment, and Mr. Brodeur was then escorted to the chair amidst a fresh outburst of applause. The new Speaker returned his thanks in modest language, first in English, then in French, and the House adjourned. After the House rose the members visited the Speaker's chambers and paid their respects to His Honor, who is a delightful French-Canadian gentleman, and very popular with everyone at the Capital. The formal opening of Parliament took place on Thursday afternoon, when the Speech from the Throne was read and an address of condolence to His Majesty King Edward VII. adopted, adjournment then taking place till Monday.

The Art League in connection with Church street school will hold their annual Art Home in the kindergarten room of the school this Saturday afternoon, from four to six. Mrs. Ada Marean Hughes has promised an interesting address, and everyone is looking forward to an enjoyable hour or two. The executive committee has arranged a course of lectures, to be completed before Easter. The success of the course is assured with such names as Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), Prof. Horning, Prof. Mavor, and Mr. J. W. L. Forster gracing the programme.

The High Park Golf Club dance, which was arranged for the 11th inst., prior to the announcement of the period of public mourning, has, of course, been postponed until after that period. The date now fixed for the dance is the 11th of April.

Mrs. F. C. Schofield will receive on Wednesday, February 13th, 1901, and afterwards on the second Wednesday of each month, at 150 Cowan avenue.

Mrs. George Brady, accompanied by her daughter, Miss May, is spending the winter months with her sister, Mrs. D. E. Adams, of Roslyn road, Winnipeg.

A delightful little dance, through the kindness of Mrs. Grey, the hostess, took place at the Avonmore on Tuesday evening. About sixty of the guests participated. After a programme of over twenty dances, with good music, the guests partook of a recherche supper. These little dances are getting to be a feature of the Avonmore, and, unnecessary to state, are making the house more popular than ever.

Amid sombre drappings of purple and black, the Ontario Legislature was opened on Wednesday afternoon. Funeral indeed appeared the chamber with its crowds of black-gowned women and frock-coated men. The only touch of color was in the scarlet and blue and gold uniforms of the little group of officers who escorted the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Oliver Mowat, to and from the chamber. All the members present wore black silk bands on their left arms, and the officials wore black gloves. The prayers read by Mr. Speaker Ewarturel had of course the necessary changes—changes that one is slow in becoming accustomed to. The Speech from the Throne was followed with marked attention, and His Honor seemed to be even more than usually vigorous and bright for one of his years. Some of those who were present were Miss Mowat, Mrs. Mowat, the Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. Sweatman, Sir John and Lady Boyd, Mrs. Geo. W. Ross, Miss Ross, Mrs. Stratton, Miss Norton, Colonel Sweny, Mrs. Sweny, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Hardy, Lady Thompson, Hon. Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Gibson of Hamilton, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Prof. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Rev. Dr. Milligan, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Chadwick, Miss Chadwick, Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Miss Yarker, Major Myles, Mrs. Myles, Miss Myles, Colonel Bruce, Mrs. Bruce, Colonel Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Allan Aylesworth, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Claude Fox, Miss Helen Macdonald, Mrs. Lister, Mrs. Dewart, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Rev. Dr. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Miss Davis, Miss Mabel Davis, Miss Minnie Fuller, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Dr. O'Reilly, Colonel Delamere, Miss T. F. Wilson, Mrs. Dignam, Miss Dignam, Miss Clara Brett Martin,

Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Smith of New York, Mrs. W. T. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Macdougall, Miss Macdougall, Mr. Wyld, Rev. Chancellor Wallace, Rev. Dr. Badgley, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. Dr. Parker, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel Ryerson, Lieut.-Colonel Shaw, Lieut.-Colonel McGillivray, President Loudon, Dr. Parkin, Sheriff Mowat, Crown Attorney Curry, Dr. Kennedy; Mr. S. Nordheimer, German Consul; Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, Spanish Consul; Mr. Geo. Musson, Brazilian Consul; Messrs. J. A. McAndrew, D. Patterson, E. H. Keating, James Bain, jr., A. F. Rutter, S. C. Biggs.

By the death of the late Thomas McGaw, on Friday last, in his 68th year, one of the best-known hotelmen in the Dominion of Canada was removed. Mr. McGaw had for many years been associated with the Queen's, Toronto, as one of its proprietors. The funeral took place to Mount Pleasant on Monday, when many testified to their warm esteem for the deceased by their presence or by sending beautiful floral tributes, of which there was an unusually large number.

Sincere sympathy is extended to His Honor Judge Barron and family, of Stratford, in the very deep affliction that has come to them in the sudden cutting off of His Honor's eldest son, in his twenty-third year. The young man was playing hockey at Winnipeg last Friday night when he was hit with the puck in the region of the heart, his death being almost instantaneous. The remains were brought to Stratford for interment on Tuesday.

### The Salaries of The Royal Family.

**O**NE of the first duties of the British Parliament, when it reassembles for business a few days hence, will be to deal with the question of maintenance of the new King and Queen. For the arrangement made by Queen Victoria with the House of Commons at the time of her accession to the throne, according to the terms of which the amount of her civil list was fixed at about \$2,000,000 a year, was only for the duration of her reign, and was terminated with her death.

There is no point in connection with the English Royal family concerning which a greater amount of misconception prevails than this subject of the civil list. A widespread belief exists to the effect that the \$2,000,000 a year paid to Queen Victoria throughout her reign of more than six decades was in the nature of a salary for her services as Sovereign, just as \$50,000 per annum is paid by the United States Treasury to the President of the Republic. This impression has been industriously spread and strengthened by the ultra-radical element in the United Kingdom, which is never tired of expatiating on the costliness of the monarchy, and of holding up the members of the Royal family to obloquy and contempt as needy pensioners on the bounty of the British taxpayer.

Following the example of her uncle, King William IV., Queen Victoria, at the outset of her reign, made an arrangement with Parliament, and with the Treasury, whereby in return for her surrender to the State of the major portion of the Crown property for the duration of her life she received an undertaking from the nation to furnish her with a civil list of \$2,000,000 a year, and to provide adequate allowances for the princes and princesses of the Royal house. It was not the Queen or her family who had the best of this bargain, but the State—that is to say, the taxpayers. Owing to the careful management and extraordinary development of the Crown property, together with the amazing growth in value of building land in the last sixty years, the Treasury, during the greater part of the Queen's reign, has managed to net profits of \$500,000, and during the last quarter of a century profits of over \$1,000,000 a year, from the proceeds of the Crown property, after all the expenses of its management, the civil list of the Queen and the allowances of the Royal princes and princesses had been deducted.

The allowances subsequently asked of Parliament by the Queen for her children, in accordance with this arrangement, were exceedingly modest. The eldest child of the Queen, her daughter Victoria, now the widowed Empress Frederick of Germany, received an allowance for her life of \$400,000 per annum. King Edward, while still the Prince of Wales, was obliged to content himself until his children grew up with an allowance of \$200,000, which, on the marriage of his son and of two of his daughters, was increased by another \$175,000 a year, for the purpose of enabling him to make provision therefor for them. King Edward's sailor brother, Alfred, received, like his younger brother, Arthur, Duke of Connaught, \$125,000 a year. But on Alfred's succeeding to the German throne of Sax-Coburg-Gotha he relinquished the major part of his English allowance, which was reduced to \$50,000 a year. The three younger daughters of the late Queen have each \$30,000 a year, in addition to the \$150,000 down which they received at the time of marriage. Similar annuities of \$30,000 are granted to the widows of King Edward's brothers, the Dukes of Coburg and Albany. The old Duke of Cambridge, between whom and his first cousin, Queen Victoria, there were only a few weeks' difference in age, draws \$60,000 a year from the Treasury, while his sister, Princess Augusta of Great Britain, wife of the blind but reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, receives \$150,000 a year from Parliament. When one reflects what a little way annuities of \$30,000 a year, and even of \$125,000 a year, go in these days of colossal fortunes and extravagant expenditure, and that the recipients of these allowances are expected to maintain royal state, and to take the lead in all public charities, it will be admitted that not only was Queen Victoria singularly modest in the demands she made upon Parliament for the maintenance of the members of the Royal family, but that the latter likewise deserve credit for having managed to live within their income. At any rate, Parliament has never been called upon to pay any of their debts out of the profits derived from the State management of Crown property.

Of course, neither Queen Victoria nor her eldest son was entirely dependent upon the allowances received from the Treasury in respect to the Crown property. The Queen retained, as she had a right to do, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, after the deduction of all expenses, amount to about \$300,000 per annum. King Edward, when still Prince of Wales, derived a similar amount each year from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which has been the property of the heir to the throne for more than eight centuries. Moreover, Queen Victoria retained possession for her life of the Royal palaces, art treasures, and the Royal park of Windsor, all of which are Crown property. The treasures include all the gold and silver plate and the Crown jewels, worth several millions of pounds sterling, all of which are now turned over to King Edward, but for his life only.

Queen Victoria gave Parliament to understand of her own initiative that she had no intention of calling upon the nation, under the terms of her agreement with the State, to provide for her grandchildren. It should likewise be stated that of the \$2,000,000 civil list received by her late Majesty the salaries and retired allowances of the Royal household consumed nearly \$700,000 a year, while the expenses of the household swallowed up \$500,000 a year. One hundred thousand dollars a year was devoted to pensioning deserving people. The remaining \$300,000, all that was left at the august lady's free disposal—all that she could really call her own—was assigned to what was known as "Her Majesty's privy purse."

Victoria, as stated above, was satisfied with \$2,000,000 per annum, which sixty years ago possessed double the purchasing power that it does to-day. King William, who reigned before her, got \$2,500,000 a year. It is probable that King Edward will stipulate for a civil list of at least \$3,000,000 a year.

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## Social and Personal.

**T**HE Toronto Garrison parade for a memorial funeral service in honor of the late Queen-Empress on Saturday afternoon, the regulars and Body Guard meeting the city regiments at the Armouries and all marching together to St. Andrew's Church, where the chaplains of the different corps and the Lord Bishop of Toronto performed the service. Half an hour before the time the Manse was the meeting place of a small party of ladies, who had received cards of admission to the church, and found some of the side pews reserved for them. They glided to their places, clad in mourning. Miss Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Douglas Young, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Dela-Queen, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. J. C. Macdougall, Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Pellatt, Miss Glossop and Mrs. Gairbairn were some of the ladies present. Mr. Herbert Mowat, representing His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, with a mourning cloak over his Queen's Own Uniform, as chief mourner, stood in the center of the main block of pews, with bowed head and sorrowful mien; his was an impressive figure. The choir came in by twos and threes, quietly seating themselves, their black garb being universal. Then the faint sound of funeral marches, the wail of the pipes and the opening of the locked portals heralded the arrival of the soldiers. The cavalrymen filled the east aisle, the Queen's Own the galleries, and the Highlanders, the R.C.I. and the Grenadiers the body of the church and the west aisle. Very reverently the Queen's Own stood while the great church filled, and each soldier glanced at the high pulpit, shrouded in black, the brilliant folds of the flag across the desk, and the group of bishop and chaplains on the platform. Black-bordered services were strewn in the pews, giving the hymns selected, and which were sung with deep feeling by the ranks of soldiers old and young. The staff were seated in the front pews, Colonel Otter in the center, Colonel Lessard and Colonel Young on either side, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Mason, Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Colonel Bruce, Colonel Clarence Denison were all present with their present or ex-commands, and a full turnout of officers, for whom there was barely room in the reserved pews. The service was most impressive, and the address of the pastor, Rev. Armstrong Black, quite a divergence from the usual cry of Peace, Peace. After speaking to the soldiers as man to man, and laying his heartfelt tribute of appreciation upon the bier of the dead Queen-Empress, Dr. Black sounded a very ringing note of warning to protect and preserve the Canadian land, and foretold the inevitable price of progress through which all nations come to greatness, a shedding of the blood of their sons. These ringing words and startling thoughts aroused much interest. Then, the organ slowly crept through the sad strains of the Dead March, the great assembly standing with bowed heads. The Bishop pronounced the benediction, and the first church parade of the century, the most impressive ever held in Canada, was over. The troops marched away to the Armouries, the bands, with crape-swathed drums, playing Adeste Fideles, and other solemn and impressive music. The pipers played "The Land o' the Leal" in a way which caused tears to run down many an aged and many a fair young face, and that other dear old air, "The Flowers of the Forest," which was greeted by the Scottish listeners with sorrowful sighing. A touch which was dramatic was the emphasis given to the word King in the National Anthem, which was sung after the memorial service. The soldiers shouted it with an effort to break away from lifelong usage which was pathetic, and indeed many of them inadvertently lapsed back before the anthem was ended, so that an united prayer went up both for King and Queen. At the Armouries Major Galloway, who has a magnificently strong and clear voice, read the Proclamation of King Edward VII., and the soldiers cheered their King right heartily. Thus the historic event came to a close.

Death has been busy in Toronto this week. The sad news from Atlantic City of the decease of that eminent lawyer, Mr. B. B. Osler, was flashed along the wires on Tuesday morning. Mr. Osler had high hopes of recovery when he left, but his friends were more than anxious about him, and their saddest fears were verified by his lamented death.

Cards are out for the Lenten lectures at Trinity, the first of which will be delivered by Rev. Armstrong Black, D. D., on Ruskin and His Message, on February 23, at half-past three o'clock, in Convocation Hall. Dr. Black is such an acknowledged acquisition to the intellectual life of Toronto that he is continually being begged for one of his lectures, which are replete with learning and bright with thought of the very highest order. His fine presence and stately bearing appeal greatly to his hearers, who are looking forward to the opening lecture of Trinity course with no small amount of pleasure.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones did not go to Ottawa as they intended; the gloom and seclusion of the social world at the Capital kept many others at home also.

Mrs. Spencer's sad illness has given much anxiety to her friends, who sympathize very deeply with her husband in this sorrow. Ever since the death of her dearly-cherished little one Mrs. Spencer has not been her old self, the sorrow seeming too heavy for her constitution to withstand.

Mrs. Godfrey returned to her home in Atlanta, Georgia, on Wednesday, where Mr. Godfrey has been residing during her stay here. Mrs. Godfrey is now in fine health, her friends are glad to learn.

Dr. James Fletcher of Ottawa, Dominion Entomologist and Botanist, is

to deliver an address to the Toronto Horticultural Society on injurious insects, with practical remedies for their destruction, in the auditorium of the Normal School on Tuesday evening, February 12. The lecture will be illustrated by the aid of a stereopticon. This will be a treat to lovers of horticulture, and greatly help them in preserving their garden pets. It will be open to the public, and Mayor Howland will take the chair at 7:45 p.m.

Mrs. Andrew Thompson of Cayuga and family are spending the winter with Mrs. Burns, Grosvenor street. Colonel Thompson left on Tuesday for Ottawa, but we hope to welcome him quite often in Toronto during the season.

Miss Margaret Anglin is winning favor with the dramatic critics as all the principal New York journals. Her acting in the leading role in Mrs. Dane's Defence seems to have carried New York by storm. The well-known dramatic critic of the "Criterion" speaks of her in the February number in these terms: "If Mr. Jones could only have spirited himself across the Atlantic for the 'first night' of his play he would have thanked Heaven. In Miss Margaret Anglin he would have found an ideal interpreter of his luckless heroine. Miss Anglin's performance of the part is so remarkable, so vibrant with humanity, so subtle, so honest and so forcible, that I am tempted to describe it as an achievement of genius. Nobody else on the American boards could have surpassed, and I doubt whether anyone could have approached the amazing skill with which Miss Anglin succeeded in laying bare to us every phase of pain and fear and desperation which racked the convicted adventuress during that scene with her inquisitor. This triumph has placed her, at one stroke, among the few truly admirable actresses of the day, and it has been won chiefly by sincerity."

Mrs. Sanford Evans has left her home in Rosedale, and will for a few months be the guest of Mrs. Edward Garney, Gerrard street, receiving the second, third and fourth Thursdays of February and March. Mr. Sanford Evans has gone to Winnipeg to take editorial charge of the "Telegram," and will be joined there by Mrs. Evans in the spring.

The patronesses of the Lenten lectures at Trinity are Miss Mowat, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. James W. A. Baldwin, Mrs. Armstrong Black, W. R. Brock, J. R. Cartwright, G. R. Cockburn, G. T. Denison, Francis Gooderham of Waveney, Arthur Grasset, Gosling, W. Gwynne, James Henderson, McLean Howard, W. Ince, S. H. James, Ogden Jones, Melvin-Jones, Leigh, Grant McDonald, W. D. Matthews, Plunkett Magann, E. B. Osler, Otter, Parkin, W. R. Riddell, Rigby, Sweeney, H. S. Strath, Crawford Scadding, A. Temple, W. B. Westworth, Welch, and Misses Laing, Perkins, Acres and Strachan. The fund is in aid of St. Hilda's College, a very high-class and fine educational establishment.

Of all the races in the Empire none have advanced more in the Victorian era than the African. This is universally felt and freely acknowledged by the Afro-Canadians of the Dominion. Appropriate resolutions were passed by them in memory of their beloved Queen and of loyalty to King Edward VII. In the M.E. Colored Church, Toronto.

## The Dangers Of La Grippe

To Persons of Low Vitality—Local and General Treatment Prescribed by Dr. Chase.

With the very young and very old, and with persons of low vitality, the dangers of la grippe are very great. Pneumonia of a violent and fatal form is a frequent result. It is also claimed that very many cases of consumption can be directly traced to la grippe. The after-effects of la grippe are most often felt in the nervous system. The extreme debility in which this disease leaves its victim is more than most nervous systems can endure—paralysis or prostration follows.

The most successful doctors advise their patients to avoid exposure to cold or over-exertion, and recommend both general and local treatment, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, to strengthen and tone the system, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to loosen the cough and protect the bronchial tubes and lungs from threatened complications.

Any honest and conscientious doctor will tell you that this combined treatment recommended by Dr. Chase cannot be surpassed as a means of relieving and curing la grippe, and restoring the weakened and debilitated body to its accustomed vigor. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is too well known as a cure for bronchitis and severe chest colds to need comment. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food seeks out the weak spots in the system and builds them up. It rekindles the vitality of persons weakened by disease, worry, or over-exertion, and cannot possibly be equaled as a restorative and reconstructant to hasten recovery from la grippe, and to prevent serious constitutional complications.

Mr. W. H. La Blance, Bonfield, Ont., writes:

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BISCUIT WITH MILK OR CREAM, SERVED WARM

Hold the Bi-cuit between thumb and second finger, and dip it quickly in cold milk; allow the milk to drain off. Lay the Biscuit in a buttered pan, cover, and put in a hot oven from three to five minutes. Remove to a warm plate, and serve with cream and sugar, if preferred, or with butter and syrup. If it is desired to serve the biscuit cold, after dipping in cold milk as above, let set from three to five minutes, and serve with top dressing of cream or milk, sugar to taste, or serve cold as taken from carton, with milk or cream. Or with a sharp pointed knife split the Biscuit lengthwise into halves. Toast to a light brown (don't burn) and serve cold in place of sliced loaf bread; or serve with milk or cream and sugar to taste (warm or cold).

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Sunday attendance all day.

such services were begun Friday evening, February 1, and continued on the following Sunday. Alderman Hubbard and Dr. Abbott were the chief speakers. On Sunday evening a unique and touching part of the proceedings was the singing of an original elegy, written for the occasion, by the choir and people standing. The concluding stanzas are:

And now in solemn silence bow  
Bengali—Bedouin;  
In palm clad isles; north Orient skies,  
Proud Turk and Fellaheen.

While Africa's sons, wherever found,  
In free and blest manhood,  
Revere the name of England's Queen,  
Victoria the Good.

A sleighing party and dinner at the Hunt Club afterwards was arranged for Wednesday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald. The real Canadian weather of this week has been eminently suggestive of such informal festivities, which, when well gotten up, are so delightful.

The latest news from Mr. Lally McCarthy of his invalid is that Mrs. McCarthy was able to be taken to Bournemouth, and is now safely over a most serious and trying illness, which was nearly terminated in a way too sad to think of by an attack of grippe.

Two smart equestriennes down town on that sharp last Tuesday morning got many bows and smiles from pedes-

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with a pad large enough and supporting bands strong enough to push back the entire abdomen assuring the wearer a correct standing position and the desired "straight front." Just one supporter with a waist band which presses on the sides of waist, making it round, and with no metal parts to mar or tear the corset. That one is **The Foster Hose Supporter**

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Call and inspect our Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Bangs, Switches, etc. Best value in America.  
Have your hair attended to by our experts.  
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trains. Mrs. Kerr and Miss Louie James are so devoted to their favorite exercise that even a zero Norther does not discourage them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stout and their daughter, Miss Louise Stout, sailed last Saturday from New York for an extended trip abroad.

Mr. Arthur W. Ross, who some weeks ago suffered from a slight stroke of paralysis, has returned from Columbia, B.C., the city which he had hoped to reach in the far West. Columbia was recently almost destroyed by fire, and

Mrs. Ross then returned to Toronto, where this week Mr. Ross has joined her, being accompanied by his second son, Don.

Mrs. Burke gave an evening to a few young friends on Thursday.

Miss Madeline Cayley, daughter of Canon Cayley of St. George's Church, has been spending some time at Clifton Springs, whereby her health has been much improved. She returned home to the Rectory, John street, last week.

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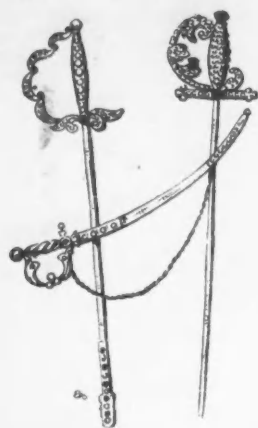
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# The Withered Hand.

A Tale of Primordial Hate.

By ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.  
Toronto.

FOR years I have had a curious inclination to tell the world something concerning the mystery of Von Helfen's life. At times I have had a conviction that perhaps the disclosing of these sorrows would be a breach of confidence and in a manner cowardly. But, again, I have argued that this cannot be, as the man is long since dead, and his true name—which I shall never know—was decidedly of a Russian character, and not, as he gave me to believe—Friedheim von Helfen.

It was in the German town of Kaiserswerth that fate threw him in my path. I had started out on a long jaunt into the country, and had followed the course of the river until the smoky town was lost in a mist far behind. Becoming weary, I threw myself down beside a spreading tree. The river sang a strange sweet song as it hurried on, and brought to my mind certain snatches of Liszt's "Prometheus," which I had heard played divinely the night before. I fell to musing on the contrasting characteristics of the German nation, how strange to find linked to a stolid disposition anything so ethereal as music. "For," said I aloud, "they are certainly of all nations the most musical. I have heard more heavenly music in a small concert hall in Elberthal than in all my wanderings through the rest of the world. A really musical German is a symphony in himself."

"There you are right, mein Herr," said a deep voice behind me. I glanced round, and saw standing beside me a tall, solemn-faced man. He had a decidedly military bearing, and the air of a gentleman of the old school; he appeared to be in the prime of manhood, though his serious cast of countenance gave one the impression of age. Beneath his shabby peaked cap and low on his temples the thick hair was tinged with grey, but when he impatiently drew his cap off I discovered a mass of dark curls. There was a certain fascinating mysteriousness about his whole appearance. Involuntarily I rose to my feet and bowed. He turned impatiently and walked a few steps, leaning heavily on his cane.

"You yourself are a musician, I presume," said I, breaking the awkward silence. He answered nothing, but stood looking far over the dancing Rhine. I began to grow uncomfortable, and made another venture. "Like myself, no doubt you regard music as the most softening influence of life?" He turned and looked at me curiously, searchingly, and then without a word walked slowly up the river bank and out of sight.

I decided that there was a private asylum in the neighborhood, and presently, picking up my book, sauntered along the path. Emerging from a thick clump of trees I again discovered the mysterious man leaning against a tree and gazing absently ahead of him. I approached. "Pardon me," I began, "but can you tell me whether I am far from an inn? I should like an evening meal if such a thing is procurable."

He stood looking at me for a moment, and then, in exceedingly broken English—which improved as he continued, said, "Why am I to be followed—watched? I showed you plainly a few moments back that I did not wish to converse with strange men. Germans have no interest for me—nor Englishmen—they are of the same blood. Pray pass on your way."

"Pardon me, but I am not a German—nor an Englishman," I answered gently, fearing to arouse his wrath. "I am simply an American tourist, travelling alone. I am a complete stranger in your country."

"My country?" he said, sneeringly, and then turning, for the first time looked me straight in the eyes. "An American, so—that is somewhat better. One grows tired of the prying local tourist. You are so complete a foreigner. America—it is the one country I do not know." Speaking, he seemed about to turn away, then hesitated. The melody of his voice was the most harmonious music that had ever fallen on my ears.

"I in my turn must say that you have not the appearance nor accent of most Germans," I said, boldly. "There are Germans and Germans," he answered, evasively. "It is of little consequence to the tourist what one may be."

"Pardon me, you are right. What a wonderful river this is! I could study it for hours in its varying moods." "Its varying moods become monotonous when one sees it eternally." He spoke slowly, and I discovered that he was no stranger to my native tongue.

"Then you live in this neighborhood?" He muttered something angrily beneath his breath, and then turned to me quickly.

"One may live here or one may live at the Antipodes," shrugging his broad shoulders. "It is all one to the tourist."

"Pardon me again," I said. "We Americans are, as a rule, outspoken; it is a characteristic of our free Western life."

"So—" he ejaculated, in a meaningless voice. "I have seen snatches of a most beautiful country to-day," I went on. "I intend to come here again to-morrow if I do not discover that I have been trespassing on private ground."

"It would be of little consequence,"

he answered, carelessly. "The river side belongs to the river, and the rest of the country belongs to the tourist—so it would seem."

I drew out my watch and was surprised to see that it had grown late. The hours cheat one so on the banks of the sunny Rhine.

"The inn about which you spoke," he said, seeming to read my thoughts. "Inn, that is your English word." "I cannot inform you. I have not taken a meal out of Kaiserswerth, and that meal was very long ago." He spoke dreamily. My curiosity grew abundant.

"Then I shall have to return to the town," I turned as I spoke, and the man muttered, "Auf wiedersehen," which told me there was a possibility of our meeting again.

The following day I made an early start, leaving some time before the meal called "mittagsessen," requesting that a small luncheon be prepared, as I wished to remain out all day. I followed the same picturesque road, and soon reached the path which led into a more irregular country. The early part of the day was spent in studying botanical specimens. During the afternoon I wandered further up the river bank, and there, on the spot where I had first seen him, stood Friedheim von Helfen. His greeting was considerably warmer than on the previous day, though there was nothing particularly enthusiastic about it.

"What strange things one will do abroad," I said, approaching. "Imagine a man going out on a botanical expedition with a schoolgirl's luncheon attached to him."

"Botanical—botany," he said, thoughtfully. "Ah, yes, the study of those little green, earthy things. I once at—ah, well, it is of no consequence." He stopped abruptly, and with his cane tossed a stone from the path. Then he turned and looked at me searchingly.

"If you care to rest for a moment there is a small pagoda amongst the trees—some distance back."

"Indeed," I said, wondering at the possibility of there being any sort of a building in such a spot.

"It is mine," he said shortly. "Follow me." We entered a thick wood, and had gone some distance when a narrow path sprang up before us. Von Helfen led the way, and broke the heavy underbrush which occasionally blocked the path. Gradually a peculiar sense of fear crept over me; I felt in my hip pocket, but my revolver was in my grip at the hotel. At this moment the man turned, and the expression on his face reassured me. I pushed my hands deep in my trousers pockets and followed.

Presently we arrived at a small mound on which stood a strange-looking hexagonal summer-house; the windows were latticed, and behind them were six long narrow window blinds, now well drawn up. Within, books innumerable were scattered everywhere. Von Helfen motioned me to a chair, while he threw himself on a low divan. I knew from the surroundings that a place of abode was somewhere in the neighborhood. However, I had learned to know my peculiar friend too well to venture on any questions.

He seemed to appreciate my knowledge of him, for, jumping suddenly to his feet, he broke the awkward silence by passing me a box of cigars and asking my opinion of them. They were cigars such as I had never seen or heard of before—and never shall again. The aroma is with me yet. He reached to a rack behind and took down a pipe fully three feet long, the bowl of which he rested on the floor. With a tremendous strain of an outstretched arm he endeavored to light it. This action convinced me that the man was not an entire recluse; he certainly possessed a servant.

"Allow me," I said, jumping to my feet, and striking a match I held it to the bowl while he puffed gently. As I resumed my seat he bowed courteously and thanked me. We smoked in silence for some time, when it suddenly occurred to me that here was I, burning with a fever to know this man's history, whereas I had told him nothing of my own. So I proceeded to talk about my life in America. I told him that I had graduated from college only a year ago, and was taking a turn on the Continent before settling down to life in earnest—that my inclinations ran to natural history, I being more interested in plants and creeping insects than all else in the world. He listened carelessly, throwing back his head occasionally to send great rings of smoke to the wooden roof, and then watch them work out through the loose boards into the open beyond.

"Do you talk to everyone so?" he asked presently. "No," I answered, somewhat angrily. "I talk to no one. I think I told you before that I am an entire stranger here. I am sorry that I have thrust my information upon you."

He smiled sardonically and answered: "You are indeed young, and I think you are what these people here—I mean what we call a 'ganzer kerl'—your face tells me so—if one can trust a face."

"I have always thought it a very reliable index." "Indeed?" he answered in a low voice. "I have met several damned villains who could smile like a woman—and women, why, are they not angels?" There was something behind the suavity of his voice; who could tell what? Perhaps a tragedy.

Gradually I began to feel the pangs of hunger, but I felt so exceedingly boyish in this man's presence that I decided to stave off the unpleasantness of an empty stomach until I had left him. He, however, remembered the words with which I had greeted him, and said suddenly— "You must unfasten your parcel and eat. It is past the hour for 'mittagsessen.' Open your bag, and I shall uncook a bottle of Hockheimer." As he spoke he leaned over and raised the drape of what I discovered to be a stationary lounge. Beneath was a most ingenious cupboard. He turned a small key, and opening a door, brought forth two bottles of wine. "On conditions that you join me also," I said. "I will," he answered, drawing the cork. And so we sat in that odd-looking pagoda in the woods of Kaiserswerth, within sound of the waters of the German Rhine, eating sandwiches and drinking of the most delicious wine it has ever been my good fortune to taste.

As Von Helfen put down his glass he said abruptly: "You say you are a stranger here?"

"I am."

"An American?"

"Yes."

"And you leave shortly for your native land?"

"I do."

"Then listen while I tell you something strange, and tell it not to the ends of the earth. You are the second person I have spoken to in four years."

"Indeed," I said, trying not to show my intense interest. He cleared his lips abruptly, as though regretting what he had said. In a moment I rose from my seat, and, fearing to annoy him by offering my hand, said: "I must be off. I have enjoyed your hospitality, Herr Von Helfen, and may I offer you my grateful thanks?"

He led me down the uncertain path, and when we reached the spot where the roads meet, turned without a word and left me. I stood and watched the tall figure disappear gradually among the bushes without fear of his turning and finding my eyes fixed on him. Had you ever seen and talked to Von Helfen, you would have known that he was not a man to look back, in any sense of the word.

Some weeks passed, and still I found myself in the neighborhood of Kaiserswerth. My movements were perhaps more of a surprise to myself than to anyone else. I had expected to be deep in the mysteries of the city of Rome by this date. I made various trips through the neighboring country; spent a couple of days in the good little town of Elberthal, and took a flying trip to Cologne—for the second time—to visit the soul-inspiring Kolner Dom. Kaiserswerth, however, continued to be my headquarters, and the main object of the business which attracted me. Invariably I caught a glimpse of Von Helfen. At times he would barely notice me, and I would wisely pass on my way, and soon lose sight of him. Again, his greeting would be kindly, and include an invitation to the retreat amongst the forest trees.

One afternoon we sat, as usual, smoking and saying little. A strange bond of comradeship had sprung up between us. Suddenly he rose, laid down his long pipe, and, taking a few strides, stood directly in front of me.

"Are you a—do you know what I told you once believed you to be—a 'ganzer kerl'?"

"I hope so," I said. "I have always tried to do the square thing. Why?"

"I think it is—ah, well," he said, meditatively. "Name of the man!" He strode past me and led the way through the thick woods. Before we had gone far I called to him: "Von Helfen, one moment—are you sure you wish me to come?"

He turned, and for an instant looked back at me searchingly. "Come, I shall risk it." Presently through the branches of the trees I discovered a stone building, standing on low ground, and resembling in color the trunks of the trees so as to be scarcely discernible. Approaching, we mounted some broad stone steps, and opening the door, my host ushered me into a dark hall. Leading the way he again pushed open a creaking door to the left, and we passed into a large room hung about with dreary-looking paintings. Von Helfen motioned me to a chair, and, stepping to an old-fashioned bell on the wall, rang it violently and awaited results. Presently the creaking door opened, and an old bent servant in rusty livery stood on the threshold. He muttered a low ejaculation of terror upon seeing me, whereupon his master raised one hand gently; then he addressed a few words in Russian to him, bidding him take my hat and stick, after which the bent, trembling form withdrew.

"You will remain," said my host, "and take with me what these people

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"Be honest," said Von Helfen, curtly. "There is nothing delightful about it. I am not a woman that you should pay me vapid compliments. Smoke!" He pushed me over a box of cigars. "Do you admire cigars?" he said abruptly. "Above all things," I answered warmly.

"Then come with me." He led me through a long dark passage and into a dim room, lighted by one small window. Although the afternoon was not far advanced, the trees about the place cast a heavy shadow over everything. He rang for a light, which was brought by the same trembling servant. The walls of the room were lined with deep glass cupboards extending from floor to ceiling; within were all manner of curiosities. A huge black-skinned snake lay stretched from corner to corner in one case, while in another a sad-eyed young crocodile pressed his purple side against the glass and peered out at us strangely. As we made a circuit of the room my eyes were suddenly attracted by something in one corner of the furthestmost case. Involuntarily I drew back, but feeling Von Helfen's eyes upon me, followed. Looking more closely at the object I saw that it was distinctly a withered human hand! Pointing to it I turned to my host. "A moment ago," he said, "a white and staring stranger in the room of him, he said: 'The history of that hand is the history of my life. It is a short tale. Do you care to hear it?' 'It would interest me immensely,' I answered. 'But if you please, not here.' 'Not here,' he echoed, looking eagerly into the case. 'Ah, well, you are young. But with me, I could tell it so much better, could I look at it and—' 'Come back to the study,' he said. 'He led me through the passage, holding the candle high above his head in order to throw the light on my path. As we entered the study I noticed that the shadows of evening had crept in. So eager and intent was my interest in the man that it did not occur to me in what a God-forsaken spot I was, and how utterly at his mercy. The flickering fire cast weird shadows over the dim room, and there was not a sound within or without to break the stillness. 'May we have lights?' I ventured. 'I never permit more artificial light in this room than you now see. Are you afraid?' 'I am.' 'I am glad. I was under the impression that you were a man.' Suddenly springing up from his couch he poked the fire nervously, and, crossing the room, closed the heavy door and shot a bolt across it. 'Do you still wish to hear?' he said, resuming his former position. 'I do.' 'Do you think it strange that I am about to disclose my life secret to a stranger and foreigner?' 'I have no reason to think it extraordinary.' 'There are times when all of us wish to—what is that English word of yours—ah, yes, unburden, talk! It is a relief to long-pent-up thought. You wonder why I do not speak to friends? I have long since had no friend. I trust no one. Pardon me,' and, to my intense wonderment, he rose and stretched out a hand to me. 'I involuntarily trust you.' It was the first sign of feeling I had ever seen. We shook hands warmly. 'At any point where you cease to be interested,' he continued, 'stop me, and when I have finished give me your opinion, for what I tell you is known to no man. Afterwards we will go below and eat abenbrod, and later my servant will take you through the tangled wood to the pagoda. From there the path will be familiar.' He paused for a moment, and then began in a clear, deep voice: 'I see—I did long since see—that you disbelieve that I am Von Helfen the German. You are right. What is my country no matter. I am equally at home in all lands. For the sake of the story I shall be a Russian gentleman in his own selected exile. Many years ago I resided in Moscow. Upon receiving a very great blow—which is also my secret—a blow which would have killed many men, I left my home, determined to join a certain secret society which had headquarters at St. Petersburg. I shall not go into the details of the motives of the society, as a gentleman I cannot. One particular alone I shall tell you. We held it our right to stop the heart-throbs when we wished. Each year a certain number was chosen. The lucky or unlucky devil who chose this number died, either by his own hand or the hand of the society's executioner. The second meeting which I attended after initiation chanced to be at the beginning of the year. At this meeting I was amazed to discover the man who had caused all the damnable trouble that had come into my life. His face was somewhat changed, but to be certain that I was not mistaken, I glanced at his right hand and saw that the second finger was missing; so had it been with my former enemy. I was told that through influence in inner circles he had been promoted to high office. Upon hearing this I told myself that if it were possible he would do me further injury. Time passed—time dragged, as it does for those suffering the pangs of hell. The night arrived when the ballots were cast and numbers drawn. I drew mine with a trembling hand, for I was still young, and the blood of life ran fast in my veins. When I studied the number carefully I saw a faint black circle surrounding it, and a skull and crossbones dimly outlined above it. My heart sank. Without waiting a moment I withdrew, apparently unnoticed. It was the darkest of nights. I sped through the streets as one possessed, dreading each moment to hear bullets from my pursuers. In some miraculous manner I reached a railroad station, and succeeded in hiding myself in one of the carriages. I had no sooner done so than the train moved out, and a few minutes later, across country at a tremendous rate. . . . Now there was a sleepy

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little villa some miles from a certain Russian town. The place had been used by my grandfather during his extreme old age and after his mind had become unbalanced. At the time of his death the place had been closed and few knew that such a retreat existed. At Balaschoff I picked up my old and faithful servant Rebnik, and together we journeyed into the wilderness. "At first I gave up all hope of ever locating my grandfather's retreat. It was one of those exiled spots where certain eccentric Russian gentlemen enjoy the privilege of living undisturbed. The fates, however, were kind, and we discovered the nest. Here I settled. My servant, having procured a horse, took occasional trips into a distant village to purchase food. My life was filled with the awful dread that my adversaries would find me out, for not one member of that great secret society had ever escaped the fatal decree. My nights and days were all one. When I could read I shut myself in my grandfather's den and pored over musty books. I saw visions of my own old age approaching, with, no doubt, insanity. More than once I regretted that I had not bowed my head to the fatal decree. Indeed, understand me, I should have done so gladly had I not determined to cheat my enemy. I slept in an underground room or cellar, where Rebnik had arranged a comfortable couch. But one glint of daylight crept through a small window high above the floor. This window was securely bolted each night, after which my servant locked me up and left me. Here alone I felt absolutely safe."

Von Helfen paused and glanced uneasily through the latticed casement. The daylight had completely fled; the dull pictures on the walls were lost in the mist of an uncertain light, only standing out clearly at a sudden dart of flame from the dying fire. I also glanced through the casement, and saw the weird shadows of an early moon slanting across the bushes, and now throwing a cold ray over the few objects in the room. I turned to Von Helfen, who sat stiff and rigid in the opposite corner, with his large eyes fixed upon me.

"Are you weary?" he asked suspiciously.

"On the contrary, more interested than you imagine." "One night," he proceeded, in a low husky voice, "I had retired to my couch, feeling confident that my retreat was securely barricaded. At some hours past midnight I became conscious that mysterious sounds penetrated the stillness. I listened. They became more distinct. I sat up and fixed my terrified eyes on the high window. Presently the hinged door creaked as though a gentle wind had moved it; then gradually a ray of moonlight darted across the stone floor. It was moonlight such as we have to-night, clear, silvery, and weird. At the moment when the window creaked I crept from my bed and drew with me—the only piece of arms I possessed—my grandfather's sabre. I hid the glistening steel beneath my cloak and crept stealthily along the dark wall and beneath the window; here I paused. In a moment there was a sound without, and, looking up, I saw a man's arm gently thrust through the opening. I raised my sabre, and as I did so the arm was partly withdrawn, leaving only the wrist and hand visible. In a moment I had gathered all my strength, and with one tremendous blow smote the wrist! There was a feeble moan without, followed by a curse as something dropped on the stone floor beside me. I stooped and struck a match; the fingers were still quivering. Yes, it was as I thought, the hand of my enemy—the second finger was missing! He had sought to kill me, not in fair play, but as a coward who strikes in the dark—and I laughed softly to myself, knowing that I had felled him. I aroused my servant, and we sat talking until daybreak—the lifeless hand lying between us."

"After my morning meal I summoned Rebnik. 'No one,' I said, 'would know this haggle, grizzly face. Up, my trusty servant, and let us away. Pack my few belongings and I shall be with you. I am weary of this treacherous country of my birth. Let us seek more congenial fields.' 'To where, Excellency?' he asked, submissively. 'To the ends of the earth,' I answered. 'Stay, to Germany. I have a strange faith in the good German.'"

Von Helfen paused, and involuntarily I said, "Well?" "I have finished," he answered, simply. "How I arrived here, and when, are idle details, the sort of details which appear thus in a biography:—Herr von Hirst was born—and died—, as though anything were accomplished on such unimportant days; it is the go-between which is of interest. So I am here. It is sufficient."

"And the hand?" I ejaculated. "It is here also," with a grim smile. "When I grow weary of life I go to my den and look at it, and feel that revenge has been mine, for," shrugging his shoulders, "take it as you will, a man with no right hand is not a perfect type of athlete, and when it comes to crossing the swords—" He stopped, and turning suddenly to me said: "Well, have you nothing to say?"

"Nothing," I answered, "but that you did what in my mind you were perfectly justified in doing. Now, your antagonist—"

"My antagonist!" He jumped up suddenly, and throwing his head back gave vent to a loud mocking laugh. "My antagonist is a sorry figure. When his lady love, with a heavenly smile, lays her little hand on his—ah, ha, lays her little hand on the rest—less arm, I shall whisper in her ear—"

"Come, look on the stone floor in my cellar and in yonder glass case, and look upon that which has been my revenge!" Again he laughed as though gloating over a treasure; then in a moment he became his calm, courteous self.

"Come, let us descend—abenbrod is awaiting us." We dined in a veritable subterranean passage. Rebnik continued to tremble as he passed the dishes. Indeed, so great was his discomfort that upon passing his mas-

ter, he would exclaim, "Now there was a sleepy little villa some miles from a certain Russian town. The place had been used by my grandfather during his extreme old age and after his mind had become unbalanced. At the time of his death the place had been closed and few knew that such a retreat existed. At Balaschoff I picked up my old and faithful servant Rebnik, and together we journeyed into the wilderness. "At first I gave up all hope of ever locating my grandfather's retreat. It was one of those exiled spots where certain eccentric Russian gentlemen enjoy the privilege of living undisturbed. The fates, however, were kind, and we discovered the nest. Here I settled. My servant, having procured a horse, took occasional trips into a distant village to purchase food. My life was filled with the awful dread that my adversaries would find me out, for not one member of that great secret society had ever escaped the fatal decree. My nights and days were all one. When I could read I shut myself in my grandfather's den and pored over musty books. I saw visions of my own old age approaching, with, no doubt, insanity





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## Curious Bits of News.

Thumb-mark albums are among the latest fads. They are a revival, with a difference, of the old-fashioned autograph albums, and the way to fill them is to press the right thumb upon the attached ink-pad and then make a firm impression upon the page. This is probably the first time the makers of social novelties have gone to criminologists for inspiration.

An untimely end to a remarkable career came with the death recently in Chicago of George A. Fuller, at the early age of forty-nine. Within less than twenty years he had invented and demonstrated the practicability of an entirely new method of constructing great buildings. His was the imagination which conceived the idea of a towering building, running up fifteen or twenty stories, and supported by a skeleton of steel beams and girders. He was the father of the steel-skeleton skyscraper, and the first building of that kind ever built in the world still stands in Chicago, as a monument to his skill and daring.

A German botanist is said to have discovered that out of 4,300 species of flowers cultivated in Europe only 120 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream-colored petals are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red, after them the blue, and finally the violet, of which only 13 varieties out of 308 give off a pleasing perfume. In the whole list 3,880 varieties are offensive in odor, and 2,300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

"Andrew Branning, a little boy no more than thirteen years old, was tried for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling house of Sarah Dane, and stealing therein a silver dessert spoon. . . . Guilty. Death." This is an extract from the London "Times" of 1801. Perhaps no other of the interesting quotations which the "Times" has lately given its readers could show so convincingly how far we have traveled since then. Only eighteen years before Queen Victoria was born this happened, and who supposes that in 1801 people in their private homes were less warm-hearted or fond of children than to-day? It was the law of the land, and sentence had to be carried out.

It seems rather a curious idea to fasten metal rings to marine fishes, and then let them loose in the ocean, with the idea of identifying them in case they happen to be caught a second time; but this is being done at the present time. Every year thousands of fish—mostly cod—are caught, and released again, after a ring bearing a number and the date of capture has been passed through one of the fins. A record is made of the places where the fish were released, and prizes are offered to fishermen who catch them and bring them back. The object of the marking is to ascertain the rate at which a cod grows, and the extent of its travels in the ocean. Knowledge of this kind is obviously valuable to fishermen.

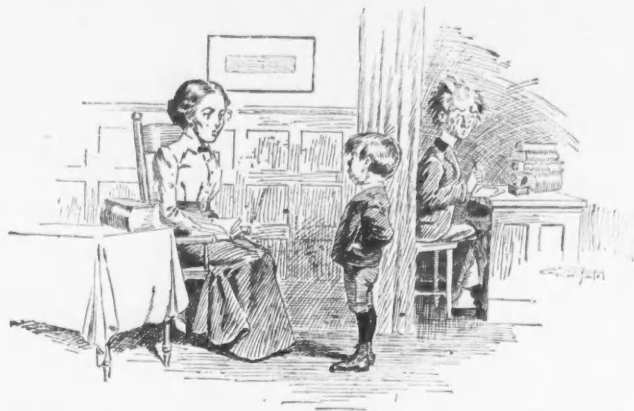
Artificial noses, ears and eyes are common enough, but probably Dr. Frederick Bradley of Edinburgh is the only surgeon who ever fitted a man with an artificial tongue. A patient called Henderson was accidentally shot through the face. His tongue was injured, and it became necessary to remove it. He got well, but could eat no solid food, as he had no tongue left to pass it back into the oesophagus. So an artificial tongue was made of red rubber. Then Dr. Bradley fitted a bar of German silver across Henderson's mouth, between two of the back teeth. Around this bar a tube of the same metal was fixed, of sufficient size to rotate easily on the bar. The new tongue was arranged on this tube, and the inner end of it placed under the base of the stump of the real tongue. Henderson can now talk and eat with ease and freedom.

There is a city of Jews in China, situated right in the heart of the country, on the banks of the Hoang-ho river. When there is a famine in the country, it is known that the city was a flourishing one three hundred years before Christ. Though the people have adopted a number of Chinese customs, they remain a distinct race. According to their legends, a huge caravan was made up, and, in spite of all hardships, traveled across Asia. They gained great favor with the Emperor Ming-to II, and a number of them served in the Imperial Army, and gained high places in the Chinese court. In return for their services the Emperor built them a magnificent temple, the ruins of which can be seen to-day. For thirteen centuries they prospered. Many of them became mandarins and rulers over large provinces, and their influence was felt throughout the country. Then came bad times. The Emperor became frightened of the power they were gaining. The people rose against them, destroyed their temple, looted the city and broke their power for ever. They have never recovered their lost ground. From that day to this they have lived in their own city, an almost forgotten race.

## A Dog Trainer's Kind Heart.

THE following dog story is told by an English exchange: Grouse, with the other hounds of the pack, was cared for by a trustworthy young man familiarly called Willie Davidson. This man was a very good hound trainer, but not a person whom you would ever suspect of cherishing sentiment. One night, when Willie went to the stable where the hounds had their quarters, he stumbled over Grouse, curled up on the doorstep and apparently asleep, but actually dead from poison. "Some time afterwards," says the writer, "we were shooting down in Oxfordshire, and one night I was cleaning my gun when Willie was busy about something else. All at once I happened to glance at his shooting coat. Now, not long before I had given him a very nice coat, which I had bought for my own use."

## The Present Generation.



"Johnnie, I hear bad reports of you at school. Now, why don't you—"  
"See here, m., don't go preachin'. It's not a woman's business; and, anyway, one preacher in the family is enough."

"Why don't you wear the coat I gave you?" said I—"the corduroy you used to like?"

He made no reply, and a moment later I asked him again: "Why don't you wear the old corduroy I gave you?"

Still he failed to answer, and only bent lower over his work. I could not see his face. Then I knew something was out of joint.

"Davidson, man," said I, "what's gone wrong? Is anything the matter?"

He raised his head and looked at me. Big tears were standing on his cheeks. He could hardly speak, but at length he said: "Mr. Plum, sir, the truth is, I buried old Grouse in that coat. He knew it, and he liked it, and I wanted to do the best I could."

## A Pleasant Disappointment.

**A Cheltenham Man is Agreeably Surprised—An Old Grudge Paid.**

**Mr. Turner After a Successful Effort to Get Rid of One Enemy Finds that in Doing so He Has Put Away Another.**

Cheltenham, Ont., Feb. 4.—(Special.)—A fortunate man, indeed, is Mr. Charles Turner of this place. For years Mr. Turner has been suffering with kidney disease. It gave him great pain, and for the last two or three years rheumatism has added to his already heavy burden of sickness, and he has seldom known an hour free from pain. Not associating the rheumatism with the old kidney trouble, and despairing of curing the former, Mr. Turner bought and used Dodd's Kidney Pills to try and dispose of the kidney trouble. He used a few boxes, and the pain in his back kept getting less and less, and finally went away. All the unpleasant symptoms of kidney trouble disappeared, and what was still more strange to Mr. Turner, he has not since been bothered with rheumatism.

He is so grateful for the miraculous results of the treatment that he has been cheerfully telling his friends and neighbors his experience. He says: "Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured me of a long-standing case of kidney disease. I was also a sufferer of rheumatism, and although I took the pills for the kidney trouble, I was surprised to find that when this disease was cured the rheumatism also disappeared. This was over a year ago, and I have not been troubled since. I used in all six boxes. The first two boxes did not appear to do me any good, but I persevered and the result is that I am now a healthy man."

Of course to those who recognize rheumatism as what it really is, a symptom of kidney disease, there is nothing wonderful about Mr. Turner's experience. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Kidney Trouble, and with it Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lame Back, Neuralgia, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and any of the other many forms in which it may and often does appear.

## Adam and Eve Reversed.

A REPORT from St. Paul states that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company intends to dismiss a missing soon from its employ all the women stenographers in its various offices and substituting men. The reason given is that women are not qualified for promotion, while men engaged as amanuenses constantly increase in value to the company, and are speedily advanced to higher positions. For similar reasons, other business institutions of late have found it expedient to dispense with women clerks. The situation is a demanding serious consideration.

That women are not qualified to advance in any line of work seems not to be a sound argument for discharging them, when we reflect that women nowadays are educated in all lines, their intellectual ability is proved equal to men's, their executive ability is demonstrated, and they signify a willingness to assume the burden of any sort of work. Wherein, then, asks "Harper's Bazar," are they not qualified? and answers: In this; they are not permanent. Marriage intervenes. According to the most recent statistics, but eight per cent. of women in industry are wives. The average period during which a woman engages in an occupation is four years, nine and two-tenths months. At the time when a woman in the natural course of business experience becomes eligible to promotion, she retires—presumably retires into matrimony, and the wealth which employs her is put to the loss of training somebody to take her place.

This fixed relation of women to industry has become clearly defined in business experience. The prospect women face in consequence appears discouraging. After years spent in educating and training themselves to be able to do men's work, after accomplishing numberless individual successes, still it turns out, the business world is arrayed against the sex in industry—not because they are women, but because, being transient workers, they are not profitable. They must go. What, therefore, is to become of women? This, let us hope: those having the education of womankind in charge—parents, teachers—will realize the absurdity of training for professions and

business girls who mean to become wives and mothers. Women should be taught that economic independence is not a makeshift of necessity, but a state of glory. It is worth sacrifices—nay, it compels them. Therefore, the women who wish to be independent as men are—free to work as men work—must in the beginning renounce the idea of marriage if they would compass men's success. Nature does not impose the same necessity on men. Women cannot escape it. Education which provides for this necessity cannot, of course, provide husbands for all the girls trained to be wives. It is purely a matter of speculation, too, whether any sort of training will eradicate the human impulse which constantly operates sort of training will eradicate the dollars a week to resign from business to marry a man worth eight. But the fact of the whole matter of women's failure in the business world nevertheless remains true—marriage is responsible. We lose the pleasant places our ambitions secure, and behold! not Eve, but Adam brings about the downfall. Dear Adam! Poor Eve!

## Grand Trunk at Buffalo.

An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been at Buffalo for the last few days, has returned to Montreal, after having secured space for the railway's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. The space secured is one of the most prominent on the grounds, covering nearly 4,000 feet of the walls and 600 square feet on the floor of the machinery and transportation building, which is said to be one of the finest architectural creations on the grounds and is completed and ready for the installation of exhibits. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to make a display such as the company has not yet installed in any exhibition, and this will comprise a large selection of its choicest photographic gems, including a number that were awarded the gold medal at the Paris International Exposition of 1900. Canada will be represented by numerous typical scenes of the resorts which are reached by the Grand Trunk, and it is expected that as a result of this influx of tourists during the season of 1901 into Canada will be something phenomenal. The building in which the Grand Trunk exhibit is to be placed is situated in a central location, on what is known as "The Mall," reached by the Amherst street gate. While at Buffalo the Grand Trunk representative made a careful inspection of the entire grounds and reports that the management of the exposition is making favorable progress with the buildings. May 1, he said, will see the opening of one of the finest exhibitions that have ever been held in America, which, though not quite as extensive as the World's Fair, will exceed in quality anything that has ever been held on the western hemisphere.

## A Point in Precedence.

Mr. Marmaduke-Jones—Society nowadays seems to be made up of such a lot of people who don't know. Mrs. Marmaduke-Jones—Oh, don't put it that way, my dear; say rather that society nowadays is made up of such a lot of people who don't know us—"Life."

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## Books and Their Makers.

THE third volume of the papers and records of the Ontario Historical Society has just been published. These volumes are intended, of course, for the student and the investigator of first sources of history—not for the general reader. Nevertheless, there is always in them something of more sympathetic interest than mere masses of data. The volume to hand contains a captivating and amusing study of German-Canadian folk-lore by Mr. W. J. Winberg. Another contribution, more curious and useful than entertaining, is one entitled "The Ethnographical Elements of Ontario," by Mr. A. F. Hunter of Barrie, in which an attempt has been made to set down the sources of settlement of the various counties of Ontario. From our knowledge of particular localities, we are not prepared to admit that Mr. Hunter's lists are rigidly accurate, but they are doubtless very largely so. The rest of the volume is devoted to early records of St. Mark's and St. Andrew's churches, Niagara, by Janet Carnochan, and various contributions by Mrs. M. H. Ahearn, Mrs. Burritt, Catherine F. Lefroy, Mrs. M. E. Rowe-Holten, D. W. Clendennan, A. C. Osborne, J. S. Barker and Sheriff McKellar. Several illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume, which may be had of Mr. David Boyle, secretary Ontario Historical Society, Education Department, Toronto.

W. D. Howells's slighting opinion of Thackeray's work is less thorough-going than Ruskin's. In a lately published fac-simile of Avelbury's famous list of the "Best Hundred Books" as scrawled over and blotted by Ruskin we find that Thackeray was crossed off altogether. With him went George Eliot, Kingsley and Bulwer Lytton, leaving the field to Dickens and Scott. Against the last name Ruskin wrote, "Every word."

The idea that Anthony Hope modeled his Quisante on Lord Beaconsfield is ridiculed by the "Pall Mall Gazette." The two, it declares, "have absolutely nothing in common save a foreign-sounding name and distinction through politics. Mr. Anthony Hope represents his hero as having had manners, though he gives us no specimen of them; but Beaconsfield's manners were perfectly Chesterfieldian, no doubt from the fact that he had spent part of his youth in foreign travel, and had at the outset of his career taken his place as an equal in the best English society of his time. Quisante, too, entrances his friends by holding forth at dinner tables after the fashion of Macaulay or Mr. Gladstone, a thing which would have been as abhorrent to Beaconsfield as walking on his hands or the wearing of the green velvet trousers with which the Radical press used once to credit him."

Frank H. Norman, a Montreal dancing master, has issued a small pamphlet called the A. B. C. Waltz Charts, in which he claims to give "the easiest method of learning how to waltz known to the world to-day." The dissertation consists largely of diagrams and tabular explanations, which anyone who is horribly anxious to waltz can doubtless master if he applies himself with sufficient stick-to-itiveness. "Prof." Norman's charts sell for 30 cents each.

The guessing as to the authorship of an Englishwoman's Love Letters continues, and at the present writing the mystery is far from being solved. It is now practically admitted that the letters are not authentic, but a work of pure (or impure) imagination. A correspondent of the London "Academy" sneers at the description of them

as "delicate and artistic." He quotes passages in the book which he says a decent housemaid would not write to the young man she walks out with; and so the controversy goes on and the publishers reap the benefit. In the meantime another enterprising publisher has brought out The Love Letters of an Englishman. The contents of this volume, it was promised, would be found to fit somewhat curiously into the contents of the original work. An Englishman's Love Letters is now out, and it certainly fits more or less into the letters contained by its fore-runner. But it fits in quite an unexpected and wicked way. The author is evidently a wag who could not resist the temptation to poke fun at the original Love Letters, and at the same time turn an honest penny on the strength of their extraordinary vogue.

## Manners Before Grammar.

Said the teacher to the grammar-class: "The horse and cow is in the field." "Now, what in that is wrong?" "The cow and horse is in the field." "Slake one in manners, verily." "Because, you know, 'tis more polite 'To mention ladies first.'"

## The Cincinnati Public Library purchased 141 copies of "Stringtown on the Pike," Prof. Lloyd's unique story.

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# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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VOL. 14. TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1901. NO. 13.



Sylvie, Rejane's new play lately put on in Paris, opens in the country house of the Marquis de Beauvoisin, a nobleman who is considerably older than his wife, Sylvie. This good gentleman holds particularly liberal views on matters pertaining to love—so much so that when Sylvie returns from Paris, where she had been on a visit with her foster-brother, Henri, the Marquis, who perceives that these two young people are very fond of one another, does not make much of a fuss about it. In fact, there are certain little weaknesses of his own that rather persuade him to hold his tongue. In the second act several months have passed, and the Revolution has arrived. The Marquis has made tracks for a safe spot—Germany. His estate has been confiscated by the Government, and Sylvie has divorced him. And then Sylvie goes back to the Chateau Beauvoisin to meet her beloved Henri at considerable risk to herself. She is on the point of being arrested as an "aristocrate," and only saves herself by marrying a former servant of the Marquis—Nicolas Gagnon by name, who has purchased the Marquis's estates. Act number three sees a lapse of sixteen years. Napoleon is Emperor, and Sylvie is lady-in-waiting to the Empress. During this space of time she has heard nothing of the Marquis or Nicolas Gagnon, whom she has also divorced, nor of poor Henri, who, when she married Nicolas, was heartbroken and enlisted as a soldier. The Emperor then orders her to become the wife of one of his Marshals, the Duke of Spolito (the good lady must be getting accustomed to marriage under difficulty by this time). The Marshal, being away in Italy, sends an aide-de-camp to bring Sylvie to Milan, where the marriage is to take place. Of course you can guess what happens. The aide-de-camp turns out to be Henri. The separation has not cooled their love, and they are making all sorts of pleasant little plans when the Marshal stalks in. The final act takes place in a hotel in Venice, where Sylvie's three husbands meet. They do not know one another. She makes appointments with her two old husbands, but at the right moment Henri makes his appearance and scoops the prize. Doubtless the Syndicate will dish up this erotic French mess for the delectation of transatlantic theatergoers, in the form of an "adaptation," within a season or two at the outside.

Shea's bill for this week included two or three good musical numbers. Camille D'Arville, the comic opera star, sang several selections, each of which was received with great enthusiasm, especially the ever-popular "Holy City," which she gave as an encore. Miss D'Arville, as well as possessing a rich and powerful soprano voice, has a very fine stage appearance, which was set off effectively by calcium lights and a gorgeous costume. It is not often we have seen anything in the way of sleight-of-hand to come up to Horace Goldin's "illusions," which, while so simple, are completely successful in mystifying one. His trick of throwing an ordinary fishing-line over the heads of the audience and pulling in a goldfish is the most marvelous thing of its kind imaginable. Twice he does this, dropping the fish into a glass bowl, where they swim around and convince the more sceptical of their genuineness. Goldin performed various other tricks quite as bewildering as this, though not as simple. Isabelle Urquhart and Gerald Griffin had a laughable skit called "Even Stephen." Miss Urquhart is not unknown to theatergoers in this city, having appeared in Erminie several years ago. The Onceers sisters gave a clever tight-wire act, in which one of them performed a very difficult feat, namely, jumping over a chair that is placed on the wire and lighting on the wire again, retaining her balance. Harry Stanley and Doris Wilson gave a clever musical act, their selections from Verdi's *Trovatore* being timely and much appreciated. The three Westons added considerably to the evening's entertainment by giving some new "gags" and some very clever instrumental music—the little girl's violin playing being particularly good. The other features were all entertaining, but the above-mentioned were especially worthy of note.

The Austrian Alps was the scene of a very entertaining three-act comedy. At the White Horse Tavern, presented at the Grand Hotel last week. It is an adaptation from the German of Blumenthal and Kadelburg, by Sydney Rosenfeld, and was presented under the management of Daniel and Charles Frohman. Unfortunately the company sustained a shock about two days before their arrival here by the death of Carolyn Clawson, who had previously taken the part of Josephine, hostess of the White Horse. This sad occurrence necessitated various rearrangements as well as casting a gloom over the company. Charlotte Crane, who had originally taken the part of Otilie Giesecke, appeared as Josephine, and with remarkable success. What with Miss Crane's bright manner and attractive personality, she made a very pleasing impression. The amusement centered chiefly around Frederic Bond as Giesecke, "the irascible Berliner," and Fred Summerfield as Prof. Hinzelman, the latter character being exceedingly well portrayed. The plot depicts four love affairs, three of which were traced all through without the least confusion or crowding.



## The Mirror O.

Sister Mary likes to work,  
But likes to play much better, O!  
And the sweepin' she would shirk,  
If her mother would let her, O!  
And the dustin' she don't like,  
She would rather ride her bike;  
But you ought to see her though,  
When there's no one near her, O!  
Sister Mary ne'er seems weary  
A-dustin' of the mirror, O!  
Johnnie.

Humpty Dumpty, an excellent musical extravaganza, was produced at the Toronto this week to crowded houses. It was a show which old and young could alike delight in and laugh over.

The Hoop of Gold is the mysterious title of the melodrama given by the Valentines at the Princess Theatre on Friday afternoon, February 15. All the attractions playing in Toronto will contribute to make this a memorable event of the present dramatic season. The combined theater orchestras of twenty-five pieces will contribute, and a handsome twentieth century souvenir cushion cover, printed on heavy satin, will be presented to all holders of reserved seat tickets, the price of which will be 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.

The fifteenth annual benefit of the Theatrical Mechanical Benevolent Association will be held at the Princess Theatre on Friday afternoon, February 15. All the attractions playing in Toronto will contribute to make this a memorable event of the present dramatic season. The combined theater orchestras of twenty-five pieces will contribute, and a handsome twentieth century souvenir cushion cover, printed on heavy satin, will be presented to all holders of reserved seat tickets, the price of which will be 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1.

Mr. Owen A. Smily is meeting with considerable success this season in Ontario, and his numerous engagements in the province have warranted him in making Toronto his headquarters instead of taking a lengthy tour. Last week in Brockville Mr. Smily and Mr. Jarvis gave a dual recital, with Mr. W. Spencer Jones as accompanist, to the largest house of the season in that town. Mr. Smily is also engaged to appear with Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the Scottish soprano, and Miss Katherine Fisk of New York this month.

With The Burgomaster at the Grand next week, The Indian at the Princess, and The Village Postmaster at the Toronto, the theatergoers of this city will have a wide choice of quaint and eccentric characters.

Miss Ida Hawley, who is considered one of the most beautiful and fascinating operatic favorites before the public to-day, is a Toronto girl, and a member of the musical comedy organization, The Burgomaster, which is announced as next week's attraction at the Grand Opera House. Although this company is a large one and contains several well-known comic opera stars, Miss Hawley has the second feminine role in importance, which, considering the



MISS IDA HAWLEY.

short time she has been on the stage, speaks volumes for her past and future theatrical career. In honor of her return home and professional prominence, her friends have arranged to attend the opening performance en masse on Monday evening, and to have a dance, which will be given after the performance. The Burgomaster, which is announced as a musical comedy, is said to contain no less than twenty-four pretty musical numbers, all of them being by Gustave Luders. The book is by Frank Pixley, and among the principals are Laura Joyce Bell, Edith Yerrington, Gus Weinburg, George Broderick, and Harry Stockbridge.

Katherine Bloodgood, who is said to be the leading contralto of America and one of the most beautiful women on the stage, will be the feature of the show at Shea's Theatre next week. Mrs. Bloodgood has been heard in Toronto before, but only in private concert work, and her present engagement is really one of the features of the season. She became well known some time ago in the marked success she made as one of the leading artists with the Boston Festival Orchestra, when she came in direct contact with such artists as Calve and Nordica, always winning a marked share of the favor of the audience. She has sung with Seidl and with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. She also sang with the Apollo Club of Chicago in the Swan and the Skylark, with Nordica in the Requiem, and with David Bispham, Nordica and Hamlin. Her decision to sing in vaudeville caused quite a stir among her friends, but she has met with tremendous success in New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities. Jeness and Marie Finney will have the most talked of act

seen at Shea's this season. They are swimmers, and the act is a genuine novelty. A large glass tank holding 500 gallons is placed on the stage, and into this the Finneys, brother and sister, go. They do everything under water that they could do on land—eat, drink, sleep, play cards, dance, etc. This act has just been brought to this country from Europe, and is one of the best of the European high-class novelties. James O. Barrows, John Lancaster & Co. will offer a one-act skit, A Thoroughbred. It is said that a more humorous skit would be hard to find. Press Eldridge, "commander-in-chief of the army of fun," will come along with a grist of new jokes and songs. Jess Dandy will have a lot of Hebrew stuff that will keep the audience merry. T. Wilmet Eckert and Emma Berg will sing their operetta, Louise Gunning, singer of Scotch ballads, Les Maegnos, acrobats, and Derenda and Breen, club jugglers, complete a strong bill.

## Notes From the Capital.

Lady Minto and Lady Antrim in Deepest Mourning.—Some one Steps on the Latter's Long Black Veil.—Cruel Treatment of Soldiers at Christ Church Cathedral.—Mrs. Geo. E. Foster's Eloquence.—General Personal News.

THE COUNTESS OF MINTO, after some delay—during which the ladies of Ottawa were in undecided frames of mind—announced her intention of not attending the opening of Parliament as the wife of the Governor-General and occupying a seat on the floor of the Senate chamber. As soon as this fact became known, the wives and daughters of Cabinet Ministers announced that they would not appear on the floor of the House either. That settled the matter; there was no further need of wondering as to what was the "properest" dress to wear.

The mourning worn by Lady Minto and Lady Antrim at the memorial service in Christ Church last week, and which they no doubt will continue wearing for some time, is almost like widow's mourning, only that on closer inspection one discovers that the long veil falling from the back of the bonnet to the hem of the gown is not of crepe, but of black tulle. It hangs much as the white tulle veils worn at the drawing-room are expected to hang, and has a graceful effect. Coming out of Christ Church, someone stood on the end of Lady Antrim's veil; she with great presence of mind held her head back and stood still until the unlucky person realized his "faux pas" and got off. With these veils, smaller ones were worn loosely over the face. The entire costume was one of deepest mourning. Miss Elliot, Lord Melgund's pretty niece, was one of the ladies in the Vice-regal party. She is fresh and fair, with a high color, and looked decidedly well in black; so also did her young cousin, Lady Eileen Elliot, whose large black hat was of the picture variety.

Christ Church was effectively draped in the trappings of woe, not too sombrely, for the black was relieved with much purple, and red-coated Guardsmen lined either side of the main aisle. They stood at "attention" for over an hour. The church was very warm, and they wore those monstrous bushies. One tall Guardsman fainted. He fell across the aisle—fortunately not sideways on to the point of his bayonet. A comrade opposite caught him, and with the assistance of another soldier got him out into the air. It is surprising more of the men did not drop, for the service was long.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Hon. R. W. and Miss Scott, attended the High Mass celebration at eleven o'clock in the Basilica. It was a most impressive service, with beautiful music. The French-Canadians from Lower Town, who chiefly form the parish, attended in large numbers, and many of the women wore black. But Catholics from all over the city flocked to this service in memory of the Queen. Owing to an attack of grippé, Mgr. Falconio, the Papal Delegate, was not present, but the Archbishop and his suite gave to the ceremonies all that was required in the way of dignity, while among the priests occupying stalls in the sanctuary, besides the canons of the Basilica, there were representatives from the orders of Oblats, Capuchins and Dominicans.

The Women's Historical Society held an "in memoriam" meeting on Friday afternoon of last week. The hall was festooned with black and purple cloth, with a Union Jack draped conspicuously at the back of the platform, on which the president and the officers were seated. The Queen's picture stood on an easel draped in black and purple, and black and purple hung over the piano. Mrs. George Foster, the lady president, made a charming address to the ladies, an address that proved all the eloquence of the family is not possessed by Mr. G. E. Foster. Mrs. Foster has a pleasant, sympathetic voice, and as the substance of the address was very touching, there might have been tears, had not a number of women taken to coughing, which distracted attention and saved the situation by making those who were not coughing feel very cross. On the table in front of the president stood a glass holding some sprays of white hyacinths, regular funeral flowers. Mrs. Whitley, a lady from Melbourne, Australia, who is spending the winter in Ottawa, sang "Eternal Rest." Miss Arcand sang an "Ave Maria," and Mrs. W. Wilfrid Campbell, the wife of the poet, read a paper on the influence of the Queen in the century, concluding with the poem her husband wrote on the death of the Queen. Mrs. McConnell, one of Ottawa's best pianists, played Beethoven's funeral march from the 12th Sonata. Mrs. Gwynne, seconded by Lady Ritchie, moved a resolution to be forwarded to His Excellency the Governor-General expressing the sympathy of the Historical Society in the great sorrow of the nation. At the close of the meeting the president requested Mrs. McConnell to play the National Anthem. It was intended that no words should be sung, but some members, not knowing this, commenced to sing "God Save the Queen," and others "God Save the King." The members who attended this meeting—the hall was

crowded—wore mourning costumes, and fastened on the front of their bodies neat badges of black satin, with the Queen's head in silver, and beneath, the letters "V.R.I." and "In Memoriam."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn and their children left last Friday night for California. They spent Sunday in Chicago, and will probably rest a day or two at Salt Lake City. They intend spending a week in San Francisco, and then going down to Monterey, where they will stop until winter is over in Canada. The journey is made for the benefit of Mrs. Ahearn's health, which has been somewhat impaired by an attack of grippé.

Other Ottawans going south are: Sir Adolphe Caron and Miss Caron, who will start at the end of this week for Florida; Mrs. M. P. and Miss Davis, who leave on Monday for Florida, and from there go to California; Colonel and Mrs. Neilson, who left some time ago for Europe, where the south of France may come into their itinerary.

Hon. Sidney Fisher has taken Colonel Neilson's house for the session. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick has taken a furnished house in Metcalfe street, for the session. His daughter, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, is in town at present, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick is expected to visit Ottawa during the session, but as her two younger children are at school in Quebec, she prefers living in that city. Hon. Lawrence Power, the new Speaker of the Senate, accompanied by Mrs. Power, arrived on Tuesday last, and is living in his pleasant quarters in the Senate.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Art Association, held last Monday, Lady Minto read some extracts from a letter received from Mrs. Digman, president of the Canadian Art Association. The Ottawa branch has decided to remain affiliated with the Association. Lady Minto, in the course of an interesting address, spoke of the loss Canadian art has suffered by the death of Mr. Charles Moss, R.C.A. She moved that a resolution of sympathy be sent to his widow. Mrs. Irwin was elected president of the Ottawa branch; Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. C. E. Harriss vice-presidents; Mrs. Creighton and Miss M. White secretaries; and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins treasurer. The Countess of Antrim, a tall, graceful woman, with the same sweet manners as Lady Minto, was with her at this meeting.

AMARYLLIS.

## Why Long For Old Age?

IN "Harper's Bazar" there was a recent article entitled "The Technique of Growing Old." With the literary quality of the article I have no quarrel, but it seems to me that a great many people write whose words seem to satisfy their taste while the writer fails to comprehend the real situation. This writer tells us that "nobody wants to die." Now this statement is untrue. There are a great many people who want to die—those with incurable disease; those to whom the pleasures of life are ungrateful, unsatisfying, and those who have a sickness of the spirit which can find no relief in anything that offers itself. Without recognizing these conditions, the article in question goes on to tell us how to grow old in a proper spirit. I thoroughly disagree with the whole thing. Furthermore, I desire to file my objection to the idea that old age can be a desirable thing. Occasionally we have examples of great men living to old age, and by their experience demonstrating to younger men the value of personal contact with the various conditions of the world for many years. While this is occasionally true, we have the saddening spectacle of men who live to be old, only to demonstrate that the lessons of life have been entirely useless to them, and that even the wayward boy sometimes learns more than the untoward man. The one who takes the chance of living a long life must have in contemplation the poorhouse if poverty be his portion; the unkindness of criticism if he has done ought to be criticized; the possible recrimination and horror of a family contest over his will if he be rich, or perchance the decidedly objectionable feature of being reviewed by those who size up his career as having been insane for fifteen or twenty years. I never knew of anything which engaged my attention more than Henry Ward Beecher's publicly expressed wish that he should not "begin to die at the top." Men in either a large or a small phase of life desire to be in it to the end, and yet the general prevalence of decadence which is caused by the rapidity of our lives I imagine disturbs almost every public man as to whether his decadence shall begin physically or mentally. Nobody should think about it; the thought of the whole thing involves the thing itself. However, all do think of it, and it is this idea that leads me to suggest that the technique of old age is a poor subject. Old age is a thing to be avoided. Wealthy old age is to be the envy of those who wait to inherit; poverty of old age, quick riddance. The one who has survived life and death for the average years can scarcely contemplate the futile capacities of the aged without wishing to pass over the experience. Those who cling to life most are those who have least to cling to. With a great hope in Heaven and a great sorrow, as every old person must have over the loss of those they loved, why anybody should cling to earth is a conundrum. The mere physical clinging to life is the instinct of the animal. Sadly as we may contemplate the spectacle, we see the animal cling. Life is sweet though the capacity for enjoying it is gone. Age brings wisdom, but the aged pass wisdom. Their memory is a procession of the dead. Their life has no future, no beauty, no helpfulness to others. Almost invariably they are a part of that social contract which makes us regard the old because they are ours. No more charming features of life can be observed than the kindness with which these fragments of the past are cared for. Sentimentally, all the impulses of one's nature go out to the helpless and are doubly poured into the hands of the old. But to what extent does this help the people who live and struggle? Is it not an additional weight upon the neck of all those who strive to live as Christ instructed us to live, and who find vast difficulties in earning a livelihood on divine lines or in being beautiful even on the family plan?

MORTURI.

## How to Address a Lord.

The problem how to address a noble lord when the particular application is signed by more than one person once agitated the trustees of a friendly society who were writing to Lord Wolverton in his capacity as Postmaster-General, says an English exchange. "My Lord" was, of course, dismissed as ungrammatical, but what to substitute in its place was not so obvious. Eventually the difficulty was solved, and the letter, when it came into the hands of Lord Wolverton, commenced, "Our Lord."



DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,  
King Edward VII.'s only surviving brother.



## Our Friend the "Stretcher."



**E**XAGGERATION is one of the vices of the age. The man who is always within the truth is a curiosity worthy of a place beside the monkey-faced Patagonian and the talking baboon in the anthropological museum. The great "stretcher" is everywhere. Tell him that there were four men fighting in the street, and the story will soon come back to you with the word "riot" substituted. Tell him that thirty-three thousand troops took part at Queen Victoria's funeral and he is not content till he has stretched them out to at least thirty-five thousand. Tell him that the new City Hall bell weighs between five and six tons, and he goes about asserting that it is the largest bell in America. Mention to him that your friend Jones made \$15,000 last year, and the report is soon current that he made \$25,000. The temptation to add just a trifling figure or two, a little picturesque detail, is seemingly irresistible, and this operation, repeated half a dozen times by half a dozen "stretchers," will soon pull away the most severely accurate statement till it overlaps the truth at both ends.

We have all seen the process at work. I picked up a United States newspaper the other day and read in an editorial that the British army operating in South Africa against a "handful of farmers" was 300,000 men. The statement, to be sure, was not material; it was merely subordinate and incidental to the main line of argument; but it was there, and it left an impression—a wrong impression. I have watched this particular lie growing for some time past. Lord Roberts never had more than 215,000 men under him at one time. But the imagination of Yankee editors being impressed by this great number, they have gradually stretched it out in order to impress their readers afresh with each repetition. From 215,000 it was an easy step to 225,000; from the latter figures to 235,000 was a mere bagatelle, and so on until 300,000 has been reached. Next time a Yankee editor refers to the matter, we may expect to learn that the British army in South Africa numbers 325,000 men. Curiously enough, the Boer army has contracted as the British has expanded. It has been shrinking like a woollen shirt in a Chinese laundry. It used to be admitted that the Boers at one time had 50,000 men in the field. But now no self-respecting pro-Boer would admit that Paul Kruger's poor pastoral people ever had more than 15,000 men under arms; this in face of the fact that the number of prisoners of war who are cooped up on St. Helena and in other places by the conqueror exceeds that figure. Here, too, we see the tendency to exaggerate—but operating in another direction.

But I do not wish to convey the impression that it is only our "American" friends who give themselves over to habitual hyperbole. We are just as bad as they. The tendency seems to be universal. As nature abhors a vacuum, mankind seems to abhor a fact. The slang of the day reflects our irresistible temptation to "stretch." We exaggerate our national grief, joy or patriotism till, in seeking to make them striking and sensational, we overdo the thing, reduce them to mere display, and rob them forever of their spontaneous character. The pulpit exaggerates, the press exaggerates, statesmen exaggerate. Even judges on the bench and scientists in their laboratories cannot keep within the sacred fact.

To a great extent the vice is an unconscious one. We have become so accustomed in this age to big things, to unexpected things, to "record" achievements of all kinds, that we are never satisfied with the unsensational. We want to hear and talk about the highest building, the largest army, the richest man, the longest reign, the most powerful locomotive, the greatest empire, the fastest ocean voyage, the best-selling novel. We despise the commonplace. We apply a foot-rule to everything, and are disappointed if we cannot measure up something by a few inches more than the record. It has come to be a positive delight to find a man who habitually, severely and unalterably speaks by the book. Better to fall short of the truth than to overshoot it. The obstinately accurate fellow whose tongue never runs ahead of the facts and who cannot be swept off his feet by the temptation to be dramatic, is needed as he never was before. Thousands of positions are crying out for him. He will wear well wherever he may be placed.

## The City.



**H**OLD these piles—mechanic growth of time;  
Brain felt, hand wrought, Hope sighed,  
and there they stand;  
Unnumbered, midst them run in want, in crime,  
Yet oft in truth, the race who made and planned.

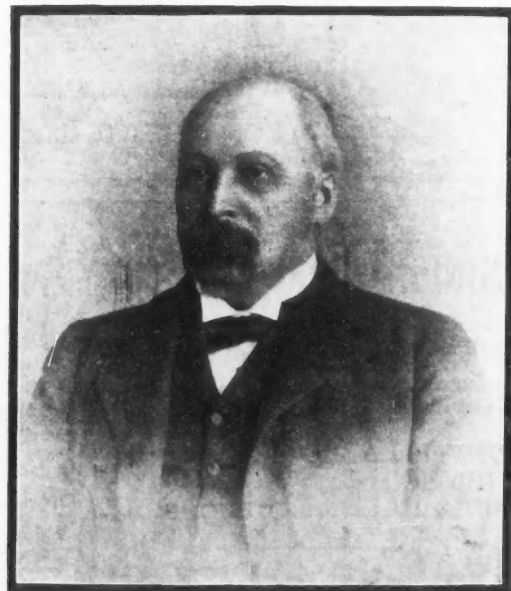
No doubt the carrion Sin flings far its taint;  
O'er men, dense-hived, kind Nature owns no sway;  
Yet in their hearts, tho' Gain may stifle faint,  
A holy deed shines clear in close Broadway.

Here Commerce throbs, as life, as blood, as all;  
And our dear human nature's bought and sold;  
Art here aspires, builds grandly, holds us thrall;  
And civic treason smiles and smites—for gold.

O city, how shall one mind compass thee?  
Thou vortex where life swirls with awful roar;  
Thy strength unguessed, half-blinded, yet agile;  
O toil and pain are part of thy heart's core.

Men sigh for thee, and hate thy cruel chains;  
They run from thee; thy multi-passion sways;  
They sip Life's social wine and scorn the pains;  
Thy complex life, aye taunting, is thy praise.

R. B.



THE LATE BRITTON BATH OSLER, K. C.

## The Royal Marriage in Holland.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN WILHELMINA.



THE QUEEN-MOTHER.



DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

## How Irwin fell Down.



**T**HIS is the true story of how Dicky Irwin fell down. It is commended to Sunday school teachers, or may be used as a temperance leaflet, and no questions asked.

Irwin was a man who may be said to have been leading a double life; that is, to his business associates and club conferees he was known as a man who could take it or leave it alone, but who vastly preferred to take it—in large doses, which failing or virtue, according as he is judged from an ascetic or toperian point of view, was carefully concealed from his family and lady friends, and from one young lady in particular.

His male friends did not stand on ceremony or consider Irwin's sensibilities in the least. "Hello, Irwin, you old scaker," or "Hello, Irwin, boiling, as usual," were the commoner and least objectionable forms of greeting.

They bantered and baited him upon his gargantuan thirst and barrel-like capacity, but Irwin was a good fellow and rarely got mad. They gave him temperance tracts and sent them to him through the mails, but the family were not "on," and Dick "joshed" them.

Indeed, he passed among his relatives as quite a model young man, who stuck reasonably close to business, went to church once or twice a month because he couldn't help himself, and did not go driving with handsome and fashionable females to whom he was not introduced.

Finding that persuasion, entreaty and advice were alike unavailing to change his course, the boys had some cards printed. These were a neat two by three affair, with the word "Over" on one side, and on the other the following inscription:

This man is Dick Irwin.  
He is Always full.  
Ship the carcass to  
2316 Melbourne Ave.

These cards were distributed with a lavish hand into the pockets of as many of his garments as were available, so that wherever Irwin went, he was apt to leave his trail if he was not exceedingly careful. In restaurants, in offices, even in church, the tell-tale pasteboards would flutter to the ground whenever he produced handkerchief or letters from his pockets, and Irwin was kept busy dodging about and scooping them up with more haste than grace.

He expostulated with the boys. This was going too far, he said. A joke was a joke, but this was not a joke, but a grin and horrible nightmare. But the boys were obdurate. As Shakespeare says, they smiled and smiled, and were villains still, but they didn't "smile" near as often as Irwin did, nor were they as much of a "still."

Then Irwin got mad and demanded that the gruesome thing should cease. So the fellows acquiesced as gracefully as possible, and Dick rarely found a card in his pockets after that. He thought he had effectually weeded them out of his apparel.

One day it occurred to him that he had not called on his brown-eyed charmer for more than a week, so he hustled into the florist's, ordered a dozen roses, wrote a card for enclosure, but as he was partially fuddled at the time he did not put it in the envelope, but inclosed instead another card, which he fished out of his pocket in some confusion.

The brown-eyed charmer got the roses all right and a card which read:

This man is Dick Irwin.  
He is Always full.  
Ship the carcass to  
2316 Melbourne Ave.

When Irwin called the following evening he found he was up against it. Explanations were demanded by the charmer, and given with much grovelling, but the fair one refused to be pacified and the engagement was fractured.

If this were a ghost story, the blow would have been sufficient to have reformed Irwin, but as it is just hard-boiled fact, it only remains to be said that Irwin is hitting it up harder than ever, and now leads a single life.

L'Envoi: Have the cards printed in invisible ink, or choose a charmer who takes a nip herself.

J. M. JACKSON.

## Restaurant Parties.

Even ten years ago parties at restaurants were considered as daring pieces of fun, to be committed only now and then, and no girls were ever seen at them. And now the greatest in the land give restaurant parties. The Prince of Wales has had several at the Carlton, some in the public dining-room, and one or two in a private salon, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Dudley, Lord and Lady de Grey, Lady Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Roxburghe, and others of the same social standing give little dinners constantly at restaurants, in preference to their own houses.—"The Lady."

## Seasoning Man.

"Sam" Houston, the son of the famous old Texan, contradicts the theory that salt is conducive to longevity, and puts his faith in pepper. He tried experiments upon the Indians. One, who was stuffed with salt, died at the comparatively early age of eighty; another, who took large quantities of pepper in everything he ate and drank, survived to one hundred and seven. Perhaps the two systems may be combined and mankind salted and peppered, like a beefsteak.

## Slavery in Christendom.



**T**HE truth which, perhaps more than any other, requires emphasizing at the present moment, is the great need for more simplicity in every department of life.

It would occupy too much space to enter into details of the unnecessary wear and tear of human energy imposed by the soulless things known as competition in trade and la mode in society; therefore these remarks will be confined to what is, perhaps, the most important phase of the question, namely, the complexity, and consequent perplexity, with which the modern woman is environed. The work involved in the care of a house and rearing children is in itself an Herculean task; but the question of dress and ostentatious hospitality has obtained a prominence which is truly appalling to many women, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils of the age. We are so steeped in the material things of life—such slaves to conventionality—that there is neither rest for the body nor growth for the soul. No possibility of the enjoyment of that "Peace which passeth understanding."

In fact, all the peace that was ever in the world, of any kind whatsoever, is past understanding by the present generation. And not only have we lost peace, but we have lost liberty. We are the veriest slaves to fashion, which is simply a pandering to manufacturers' and retailers' greed. It does not enhance a woman's beauty or appearance to be continually changing from one style to another; it only makes her physically worn and mentally lean. But women do not stop to consider that it is the most servile slavery to carry, or sweep the streets with, yards of cloth, that more cloth may be sold; or to carry four-pound hats, poised on two-pound heads, in order to dispose of the surplus output of velvet, silk, and other millinery supplies, and to provide new outfits to satisfy the demands of the various freaks of fashion, which are "all for the good of trade," and the interests of designers, publishers of fashion plates, and the army of people who write "fashion notes" for the press, instead of being in the interests of society, as is generally supposed.

And while all this imposes an intolerable burden on women, man is, perhaps, the greater slave and sufferer. He works all day, and often far into the night, that his wife and daughters may dress in style and give lavish entertainments. With the very wealthy, the prevailing extravagant style of living is comparatively easy; but among the middle classes, life with its vain complexities is a constant struggle. The great Teacher said, "Think not what shall ye eat, what shall ye drink, or wherewithal shall ye be clothed." But in direct opposition to this command, mankind thinks of little else. In theory, the Christian world's ideal is the meek and lowly Christ, who condemned the love of luxury and ostentation; but in practice the so-called Christian world's ideal is the man who lives in a mansion and fares sumptuously every day—the man who has the largest number of "brass-headed nails."

The way to remedy all this is not by preaching, but by practising. Let those who are tired of "fashion" and the fripperies of life come boldly out and resolve to be free. Break the shackles of conventionality and assert your individuality. Give less attention to the material things of life and more time to the cultivation of the intellect (character), which alone exists throughout eternity, and great will be your reward, even in this life.

ANNA E. BRIGGS.



QUEEN WILHELMINA AS A GIRL.

## The Perfect Woman.

V.  
HER HANDS AND FEET.

**T**O be "Bien gautee et bien chaussee" is with the French as thoroughly necessary to perfection as to possess each of the charms which have been considered in this column during the past four weeks. More so. A Frenchman has seldom the plentiful dower of hair, the soul-satisfying and serene eyes, the strong and exquisitely shaped mouth, or the well developed and well moulded form, of his chere adorce, but her feet must be smart and her boots dapper, her gloves fresh and well fitting, if she aspires to his approval. Her hair may be scant, but she will fluff it and puff it, and gloss it and curl it, until it looks abundant. Her eyes make up in brightness and expression what they lack in power and spirituality. Her mouth, so generously designed, can pout and curve and express a dozen emotions in a minute. Her bones may



be angular; bien! there are chiffons, laces, exquisite and inimitable trifles of garments, wraps and collarettes to hide them, or modify what cannot be hidden. But one can always depend upon her boots and her dainty gloves.

A Frenchman was standing on the curb at the corner of King and Yonge streets one day lately, waiting for a car, and watching four or five very pretty girls who were mounting the steps of a Belt Line tram. "How lovely are the Canadian girls—the tint, the buoyant air, the sparkling eyes, but—what feet!" he said, with a shrug, as a clumsy pair of rubbers scuffled up the steps. "Yet another!" and a pair of overshoes followed the rubbers, and a rather run-over pair of boots, once smart, but now showing lack of polish and many wrinkles, took the step, bearing the last young girl into the vestibule. Accustomed to the dainty footgear of the modish Parisienne, no wonder the French visitor was concerned. "Is it the winter fashions?" he enquired. "The wrinkled caoutchouc, those untidy overalls must they then be worn because of snow and ice? Doubtless in fine weather these beautiful girls will be elegantly shod, eh?" Should that Frenchman linger in our midst he will observe the golf shoe, whose wearers are not golfing, the run-over shoe and the wrinkled shoe, in summer as in winter, always with us! He will see uncared-for gloves, sometimes soiled and sometimes holey, and too large or too small, without buttons and crooked to the lines of the careless hand which wears them. And he will think of Claire and Angeline, and Marie and Celestine, and gloat patriotically over the superiority of his countrywomen, who never neglect putting this subtle and final touch to their piquante and fascinating personality.

The foot of woman has no more ardent admirers than the sons of the Emerald Isle, to whom a well-turned ankle and a "mate" instead are a never-failing attraction and delight. "Mullingar heier, heef to the heels!" is a pitting description of a clumsily-built pedal extremity, from a people whose quick observation and hearty admiration never miss a pretty female feature.

The perfect foot should be slim and delicately modelled, springy and light of tread, the instep arching clear of the ground, and the toes innocent of decorative knobs and callous marks, and with each nail shapely and pink. One sees such a foot once in a score of years. Constriction, cramping footwear (stockings as often as shoes) revenge themselves in time and mark the most trusty and long-suffering member of the human frame with sad deformities of various degrees of prominence. The perverseness of humanity in regard to its feet begins with the economy of the parents who allow growing babies' feet to be imprisoned in small shoes, because the latter must not be replaced until worn out. The various idiotic fashions of tooth-pick toes, "French" heels, and so forth, carry on the bad work, as the abused feet grow every way their prison permits. The ankles broaden and bulge, the toes double under each other, the beauty of the nails is forgotten, and the hideous woman foot of the day, with its corns, bunions and distorted joints, is the result.

Small hands and feet are generally family heritage, but shapely hands and feet may be secured by intelligent care and usage. The manicure set should be as much a necessity of the toilet as soap and water, and the beauty of the hands given its proper importance in an inventory of the charms of the perfect woman. Poets have sung some of their sweetest songs to beautiful hands and feet; they are members of the body without reproach and innocent of devious ways and wiles, but potent to charm and delight the greatest connoisseurs of the gentler sex.

There is a barbaric impulse which leads the owner of a beautiful hand to load it with many and striking rings. This is only less of a crime than it would be to bedizen a coarse and plebeian paw. Two fine rings are the limit of refined taste on any hand, both for the decoration of the member and the display of the gems. Yet one sees sometimes eight barbaric hoops of diamonds, opals, emeralds, pearls, turquoise, and Cleopatra knows what more, upon one small hand, vulgarizing its beauty, when two, or at most three, of these rings would add to its charm.

The perfect hand must not be cold or horny or clammy, or nervously twitching. It must be warm enough to suggest bright vitality, firm enough to indicate will and character, light enough to seem the touch of an angel's wing, and strong enough to hold a heart in its gentle grasp. Such a hand has the perfect woman. With such a hand she blows you a kiss from her perfect lips, flashing you a glance from her wondrous eyes, tipping you a bow of her queenly head, with a gracious bending of her perfect form, as she steps with light and buoyant feet into the land of the Ideal!

CHEVALIER.

An ant, they say, can draw twenty times its own weight, but a good, healthy mustard plaster can give the ant cards and spades and beat it at its own game.—Arizona "Republican."



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.  
Lahn, Tuesday, Feb. 20, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. March 5, 10 a.m.  
Lahn, Tuesday, March 12, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues. April 2, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Sat. April 21, 10 a.m.  
Lahn, Tuesday, April 23, 10 a.m.

New York, Bremen.  
Koenig Luise, Thursday, Feb. 14, noon  
Oldenburg, Thursday, Feb. 21, noon  
Rhein, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1 p.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN, NAPLES, GENOA

Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Saturday, Feb. 16, 11 a.m.; Verona, Saturday, Feb. 23, 1 p.m.; Trieste, Saturday, March 2, 2 p.m.; Hohenzollern, Saturday, March 9, noon; Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Saturday, March 16, 11 a.m.

## BARLOW CUMBERLAND

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## AMERICAN LINE

New York—Southampton—London  
New York, Wednesday, Feb. 6, 10 a.m.  
Kennington, Wednesday, Feb. 13, noon.  
St. Louis, Wednesday, Feb. 20, 10 a.m.  
New York, Wednesday, Feb. 27, 10 a.m.

## RED STAR LINE

New York—Antwerp—Paris  
sailing Wednesdays at noon.  
Westernland, Feb. 6, noonland, Feb. 20  
Kennington, Feb. 13, noonland, Feb. 27

International Navigation Company  
Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway.  
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On February 27, 1901, the Wabash Railroad Company will run their second personally conducted and select party of 60 people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico, the Italy of North America. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited. The train will be the finest ever seen in this country, consisting of Dining, Sleeping, Observation and Baggage Cars built specially for this trip. The route will be over ten different railroads, covering 7,000 miles of travel. Full particulars with itinerary of this wonderful trip at Wabash Railroad Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

J. A. RICHARDSON,  
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## Canadians Going South.

Before concluding arrangements for a trip for health or pleasure to Virginia, the Carolinas, Florida and the South, write to L. S. Brown, general agent Southern Railway, Washington, D.C., who will gladly mail free of charge time-tables, battlefield map folders, guides, quote excursion rates, reserve Pullman space, etc. Three fast, luxuriously appointed limited trains daily, Washington, D.C. through to Savannah, Ga., connecting there with Plant System, and at Jacksonville with Florida East Coast Railway.

## Honored the Uniform.

The work of the railroad man, especially in the passenger service, is a strain on the nerves. Trains are supposed to hurry over the road; passengers are generally in a hurry and very often confused, and the men in uniform are appealed to from all sides for information and assistance. The railroad management, operating on the progressive theory that more flies can be caught with molasses than with vinegar, expects them to be useful in helping passengers avoid mistakes and in making them comfortable. How to keep in good temper and still try to please everybody is an hourly problem with them. But they are solving it.

At the Watertown station a few days ago, as the train was ready to move out, the ticket agent called out to a trainman who had come into the waiting-room, evidently in search of somebody.

"She is sitting there in the corner. A lady who is with her is trying to have her baggage checked."

The trainman found a young woman, evidently an invalid, with a face distressingly anxious and inexpressibly sad, and, taking her arm, he led her toward the train, past the baggage-room. They were met by the conductor and the lady friend, who had attended to the baggage, and then the women parted, the almost helpless traveler being committed to the care of the men who wore the uniform of the New York Central, a uniform which often represents as much of bravery and chivalry as the Red Cross does.

The two men led their charge to the steps of the car and lifted her into it, and guided her to a seat; she was blind.—From the Watertown (N.Y.) "Daily Times."

## Entertaining

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## Anecdotal.

About thirty-five years ago, in the early days of the "beard movement" among the clergy, an intrepid rector, who had the audacity to grow an immense beard and moustache, said to old Samuel, Bishop Wilberforce, "I hope you do not disapprove of my beard, my lord." "Not at all; a great improvement," said the Bishop; "hides so much of the face."

On one occasion, when King Edward VII. and an equerry were going through the Louvre galleries, they were observed by a party of "Americans," one of whom remarked in a loud whisper to one of his friends: "I'll bet you ten naps that the Prince of Wales." "Done!" cried the other. Accordingly, a few moments later, the "American" approached the Prince's equerry and asked him in a low tone the name of his companion. "The Earl of Chester," was the truthful answer. "Sold!" said the Yankee, in a disappointed tone.

Canon H. D. Rawnsley, in his "Memories of Tennyson," says that the poet told him how, when he went to see Queen Victoria and she had received him and put him at his ease at once, making him sit down beside her, with the words, "You and I, Mr. Tennyson, are old people, and like to sit down," he went on to speak with some despair of the irreligion and socialism which seemed to pervade everything, and how the Queen, in the prettiest way, had said to him in answer:

"Oh, yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill."

"And," added Tennyson, in speaking of the incident to Canon Rawnsley, "I thought that very pretty to quote my own words in answer to me."

The late John J. Bagley, during his second successful campaign on the Republican ticket for governor of Michigan, spoke one evening at Kalamazoo, and at the beginning of his remarks he alluded frankly to his lack of oratorical gifts. After he had finished a man pushed forward, grasped his hand warmly and said: "Governor, I have been a life-long Democrat, but at the coming election I shall vote for you."

"Thank you," replied the governor, much gratified; "may I ask the particular reason for your change?"

"Because you are the first speaker on either side in this campaign that I have heard tell the truth. You said when you began that you couldn't make much of a speech, and, by jinks, you can't!"

Talleyrand's wife was the reverse of brilliant, and he used to excuse his marriage on the ground that "clever women may compromise their husbands, stupid women only compromise themselves." One day the famous traveler, M. Denon, was expected to dinner, and Talleyrand conjured madame to prepare herself for sensible conversation by looking over Denon's works. Unfortunately, on her way to the library, madame forgot the name. She could only remember it ended in "on." The librarian smilingly handed her a copy of "Robinson Crusoe." Madame easily mastered its contents, and at table astonished her guest by exclaiming: "Mon Dieu, monsieur, what joy you must have felt in your island when you found Friday!"

A resident of New York named Hugh Hawthorne hid a number of banknotes between the leaves of his Bible, and fancied that it must be a hardened criminal indeed who would look for material wealth instead of spiritual riches among the sacred pages. But just such a thief discovered the money. However, he took only twenty-five dollars of the fifty-five dollars there. Before leaving Hawthorne's room the thief made several alterations in the Scriptural text. Under one of the banknotes he discovered the golden rule, and with his lead-pencil made it read: "Do others or they will do you." At another point he added a few words to the commandment, and substantiated his particular conduct in this manner: "Thou shalt not steal more than enough for current expenses."

On one occasion the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) wanted to see Frederic Febvre, the noted French actor, some testimonial of appreciation, and consulted his companion in the box. "I can't buy him something; that would be banal. Do you think he would like to have my cane?" It was decided that the cane would do, so, stepping to the greenroom, the Prince paid the actor a few compliments on the English part he was playing, and begged him to accept the cane, saying that it had seldom left him for ten years past. He added that he hoped to see the cane with Febvre on the stage. The incident was reported, and Febvre spent the following day dismissing a queue of Englishmen who invaded his lodgings trying to buy the cane. Afterward, when giving private entertainments in London, he repeatedly heard himself identified by the remark, made in the audience, "He's the one that got the cane."

In 1871 the Prince of Wales paid an incognito visit to the battlefield of Sedan. He was accompanied by General Teesdale. The French susceptibilities were highly inflamed at the time, and it was important that his identity should not be suspected. Putting up at a hotel, the time came to pay the bill, when General Teesdale, the Prince's aide-de-camp, found that he had no cash. The Prince was in the same condition. It was impossible to telegraph, as the identity of the party would have been discovered by the French, and it would have been universally believed that the Prince was visiting Sedan in order to exhibit his elation at his brother-in-law's victories. After a good deal of discussion the Prince's watch and that of his aide-de-camp were taken by the latter to the local pawnshop, and the necessary funds were thus raised to rescue His Royal Highness from an awkward predicament.

The late Dr. Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, had a keen sense of humor, and thoroughly enjoyed telling a good story on suitable occasions, af-

ter a peculiarly dry and crisp fashion. On one occasion, at the dinner table of a house that he had not visited before, and where he was the principal guest, the Bishop told in excellent style an amusing incident that he said had recently happened to a friend of his. As soon as the laughter had subsided the voice of a jealous conversationalist from the other end of the table was heard exclaiming, "Come, come, Bishop, that won't do; I've caught you now; that joke that you have so cleverly located was given in 'Punch' a week or two ago." The Bishop made no reply, and after an uncomfortable pause conversation was resumed on other lines. What was the host's surprise, a few days later, to receive from the Bishop an explanatory letter, with an enclosure from his friend, testifying to the truth of the story as related by Dr. Creighton, and explaining that the incident had been forwarded to "Punch," accepted and duly illustrated. The letter stated that the Bishop did not care for this explanation to reach his interrupter or the other guests, but that he felt it was due to his host to know that he had not been entertaining one so unmanly as to lie, even jocosely, at his table.

## Some Queer Tokens of Appreciation.

## Lovers and Their Peculiar Ways.

AMONG the queer presents given by the Parisians to Paul Kruger was the pretty dressmaker's quilt gift of a thimble. It was a very pretty thimble, artistically chased, probably a sort of passion on present for Mrs. Kruger, but Paul doesn't seem to be thinking much of the poor old girl just now. He gave the thimble to Queen Wilhelmina for a wedding present, and I am sure every one will recognize the economic thrift of the act. Whatever dear old Oom Paul has brought from the African shores, he isn't going to squander it upon European queens. In the meantime the Kruger-Wilhelmina thimble is being made and bought by hundreds of proud Boers for their wives and sweethearts.

Talking of South Africa, haven't we become quite familiar with the newspapers out there since our friends have been posting them to us so regularly? There is a bold little Cape Town sheet, "The Owl," which has an original little way of paying a left-handed compliment to someone each week. A cake is awarded by "The Owl" to the prominent person in South Africa who has made the biggest omelette of himself during the preceding seven days. The first "Owl" cake of this century went to a Dutch preacher who made a horribly treasonous and seditious speech on the last Sunday of the old year, which was set apart (but apparently not observed) by the Dutch Reformed Church as a day of humiliation and prayer in connection with the war. For coming out at last as a re- pure and simple, for advocating open rebellion in the country and for his views on "humiliation and prayer," the editor of "The Owl" presented the Dutch preacher with the famous cake. Some of the perils which have attended the presenting of these cakes to their unwilling recipients have been serious, but no one has actually been killed in the act so far.

"Why is it that those girls don't get married?" asked a woman some years ago, speaking of a family of several attractive and well-dowered sisters. "The eldest is about passing the frontier, and now the youngest is out. They are so amiable and happy together; one would think young men would be at once attracted by them." "That's just the trouble," said a wise woman. "You see, when a young man goes to call, perhaps he desires to see one of them, and two or three surround him. They are delightful girls, no doubt, but they are all very well, and he feels inadequate. If one of those girls were just full in love, become jealous and institute a family blow-up with that fatal comradeship lost forever, you'd see how soon each Jack would claim a Jill." It did not happen quite as she said, but curiously enough, one sister went abroad and came home engaged, a second took up nursing and married a doctor who had hovered about the parent nest for years, a third went to visit a relative and while she was away the "baby" made the match of the year. If there had never been a disintegration of that family circle I believe those girls would all be old maids to-day. It is not often indeed that a man's wooing is comfortably conducted under his sweetheart's roof. If he is given too many chances he may take them, and the thing is too easy, and grow cool; or if he is harassed by small broods and sisters-in-law-elect, or looked at enquiringly by pater or suspiciously by mother, his touchy pride or thin-drawn patience may flare up and blight the budding orange blossoms. Besides, the obviousness of it is so cold-blooded, to the sensitive and the woman who is more numerous than you'd imagine in this matter-of-fact age. Nine men out of ten would feel all the sentiment oozing out of their finger-tips if they were left markedly alone with that mysteriously fascinating and altogether lovely being, their first love, especially that who might make love to her, and who on the other hand could properly rise to the proper fervor if Mama passed carelessly out and in, for book or work or to mend the fire or smother the near akin lurked in the hall or in the next room, apparently unconscious but really keenly observant of every murmur and response. It is decidedly an ungenial place for love-making, the home of the adored one. Better the twilight walk, the snatched tete-a-tete between the dances, or the stolen interview on the way home.

There was once a funny family (Germans) where there were several daughters and no sons, and those girls were simply daft upon the marriage question. They were well off, and remarkably frank in expressing their doubts and wishes. "Don't you think someone will have us?" said the eldest one day. "Here is Lieben, so wise and strong, and such a manager. She will be a good wife; and little Mina is not far behind her, and each of those has money in the bank. Why doesn't someone come for them? Me, I am easily contented, an honest man, a nice little

home, and a few creatures would make me quite happy. I, too, have money in the bank. Ah, you laugh, but it becomes a serious thing if none of us can get a husband. Our father grows old; he has no son. It is for one of us to get a husband to be a son to him." A man came for each of them in due time, and they took them gratefully and were good and true wives. The men were just ordinary enough, but these matter-of-fact marriages seemed exactly to suit these girls without ambition which could not be bounded by a wedding ring, without fear of any future but a future lived without a man of their own.

## LADY GAY.

## La Grippe's Ravages.

## A Campden Lady Cured of Its After Effects.

## The Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain Her Strength Until She Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. Such is with the most of the estimable do as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication she said: "If you think my experience will help some other sufferer, I am quite willing to give it. For I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very feeble; I was extremely nervous, and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procure a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for a little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills, and I have been well and strong ever since, and I have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last, and thus bring health to the strength of every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A Mere Nobody.—Don't be bitter, little woman. The line drawn by the so-called society which excludes your class isn't unreasonable in one way, though in a democratic country like this new one the class distinctions are never popular, and drive small folks wild. The idea that everyone has equal rights never won socially. We who recognize our proper level have good sense and should be able to live on that level. A golden key now opens doors which once refused to open for a class watchdog. Money is a power and a good; the loss of it is a deplorable thing. There's no use about that, unless that loss discovers our nobility, which is always a possible result. The main secret of nobility is good temper and reticence. The woman who keeps her mouth shut when she ought not to speak is a good thing. I can't give you a second study. Take instead my fellow-feeling for a woman who has seen better financial days, and who may discover yet, as I've done, that money isn't indispensable to happiness. In fact, the happiest folk I know have very little of it.

Amat.—How shall I make people like me? Always the same cry. Why should you, my good young man or woman, demand so much liking? Why always be greedy to get? In this case it's very much better to give, believe me. Love and you'll be loved, is about the truth. Your writing shows an ardent, speculative, and somewhat selfish nature. You are nervous, quick-tempered and a little bit morbid. But you overcome its very strong sense.

B. K., Dec. 2.—You have plenty of energy and great decision and force. You are open to influence, rather optimistic, lavish in plans and not yet able to concentrate your powers. You can reason logically and well, have care for detail, and a straightforward and rather prudent mind. I don't think you rushly confide in anyone. Facility of expression, suggesting education and discipline, is remarked. You like comfort and have a generally pleasant and agreeable nature. There is a weak spot about you—you decide more firmly than you act. On the whole, it seems a vital, breezy, and buoyant study, which must not let a hasty impulse overcome its very strong sense.

Madrid.—This is certainly a difficult problem—a lady's maid who thrills with passion and fire on reading Shakespeare and isn't to be found up every backstairs. I certainly hope you'll get a speedy thought to your inspiration, and whether its fire is from Heaven or the other place. It would be very dreadful to live your life doing hair and mending lace, when you feel the divine inspira-



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tion in your soul. I am taking you quite seriously, for your writing is most eloquent and stamps truth on your words. It is tenacious and impulsive, full of dreams and fancies, determined, and showing a streak of pride and a desire to mount. Your will is dominant and gathers force as it rises. No wonder, if you are possessed by stage fever, that you are not very contented, but you seem to have good stuff in you, and your chance will doubtless come. You are not susceptible, but neither are you very cautious. Look out, or you may do something you don't quite see the end of.

Carolyn B.—Shall you have an eventful life? My good lady, this is emphatically not a fortune-telling outfit. You will probably make your own history, with a good deal of energy and independence, to judge from your writing, more or less controlled by just such a rate opinion of yourself, bright and clever intuition, and a great objection to logical deduction. You should be very conservative and averse to being thrown into new conditions. You are decidedly ambitious, and generally good-tempered. You may be fickle, but your emotions are all so strong that a flight or two more or less won't mean much. You love to dominate, and may easily forget to be considerate.

Melville.—Anyone who wishes a comparative delicacy must send me the first study, that I may see if it's worth while doing them again. I have not time to keep my finger on the pulse of your progress and give repeated reports, but I might some day have a spare moment to compare past and present. I have several excellent good-tempered, not suggesting sympathy, nor any traits likely to prove much open to influence.

Jennie Lind.—How did you get side-tracked, my harmonious Swede? It's a very old date I see on your study. So sorry. This writing is not quite so natural. It is generally reserved and upright look every now and then slants into sentiment, and perhaps into a maintaining an independent pose, when she would much prefer leaning upon my arm. It is not that so? It shows care and thought, conscientious work, and a pleasant disposition, truth and prudence, good sequence of ideas, judiciously controlled by just such a sympathy, and a taste for beauty and harmony. It is a quiet nature, not over-liable to exaggeration, not full of extremes, but probably holding deliberate convictions in strong simplicity. Writer fairly skated across the page. You are a adaptable, persistent, over-enthusiastic about trifles, ambitious, erratic in impulse and sometimes hasty in speech. Now, if you weren't rather a good thing I'd not have given you all this space. You know, you I hope you'll discontinue the justification of your name de plume and make good the fine traits of brain quickness, rising ambition, and original aptness and cleverness you show.

Grasshopper.—Much pleasant and sometimes humorous or fanciful thought is yours, and an easy facility of expression, some sentiment, liking for society, particularly of the opposite sex, with whom you should be rather popular, good sequence of ideas, careful and finished work, imagination, enterprise and a frank, candid manner. I hate to ask you to keep a secret, but you're a good thing. You think quickly, get smartly, and should be rather receptive of speculative thought. I rather think you have definite ambitions, owing to the very light and sparkling general tone, am not quite decided. If you have it's a high one, and not yet decided.

Poor Lone Critter.—I've never been in Halifax. You are young, dominant, illogical, but generally practical, unreciprocative, rather ambitious, and have good force of purpose. The writing is not well developed yet.

"Don't You Know?"—I am now answering you in your own town. Wonder what pretty woman you are, of all those I've seen in the streets of St. Kitts? There is tremendous will and energy in your study, self-reliance, self-assertion and an absence of buoyancy. Pride, prejudice, tradition, do queer things with your judgment. As to the stories, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

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the eating. If your only thought in writing them is of how much money you can get for them, I don't believe I, for one, should find them inspiring. You lack inspiration of the right sort. It may be that it's not written in the book of Fate that you should be of use to anyone unless you've done a stunt or two for your own benefit. What should you think of a housewife who went about the village offering to tidy up her neighbors' houses while dust and disorder reigned in her own? It may be that there is some life-work of your will and brain to uplift your own soul and rung or two on that mystical Jacob's ladder. The woman who applies the adjective "glorious" to money-making certainly needs sorting out a bit in her parts of speech. Your letter showed a want of thought and hasty expression which are bad faults in so strong a personality. You love to dominate and are developing a decidedly selfish turn. Don't. You have such magnificent possibilities. You are well worth any training possible.

## ASTHMA

## PERMANENTLY CURED.

## ONE BOTTLE FREE

Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound is the only remedy ever known to permanently cure Asthma in advanced stages. Not a single failure is recorded against this remedy. Asthma has not been present. Dr. Clarke's wonderful discovery in curing Asthma marks one of the most important advances in medical science. Rev. C. H. Wisker, 294 Sackville St., Toronto, Can., writes: "For ten years my wife suffered from Asthma and Bronchitis. For months she could sleep only sitting up in a chair, physicians constantly attending her, but she became no better. Four bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound have completely cured her and for more than a year she has been entirely free from any sickness. I consider it a wonderful medicine, and am acquainted with others cured by it." A regular trial sample bottle and book on Asthma will be sent free to any person troubled with Asthma or Bronchitis. Enclose 6 cents in stamps for postage. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Limited, Chemists, 121 Church St., Toronto, Can.

## Do You Like a Good Dinner?

See that the celebrated  
WINDSOR SALT  
is on the table—Pure,  
Sparkling, White.

Without an equal.

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## Have You Been Through The Mill?

WHEN the average novel writer wishes to describe a set of emotions for which he has no appropriate name he usually refers to them as being "mingled," and this, perhaps better than anything else, reflects the condition of a man when he first becomes a father. Coupled with the feeling of intense pride that comes to you as one of the "interested parties" in such a momentous event, is the kindred feeling of utter insignificance you also have, which acts as an antidote. After being ordered out of the room by the doctor and the trained nurse, you wander aimlessly down a side street, although you cannot for the life of you tell what there is to be ashamed at—and as you approach your office you grow more and more uneasy. And yet, while there is guilt written all over your face, there wells up in your heart a veritable fountain of intense egotism, which is immediately on tap to the first moment of confidence. You assume a careless, devil-may-care air, and carry your indifference to the point of intensity. And then, in response to enquiries—for your face itself is a story-bearer—you announce, as if it happened daily, like the weather report and the time-table, that it is a boy, or a girl, as the case may be. Thus you run the gauntlet, and finding that the world still moves and breathes and everybody is inclined to settle down, you watch your chance and get the first unmarried man you can find to consent to listen to you.

You pour into his sympathetic ear the whole story. You tell him how much the baby weighs, whom it looks like, how you felt, and how you feel. You describe your aspirations for that child, talk about love and duty and education and training, order a small bottle, supplement it with another, get more confidential, and finally leave him with a sense of your own intense importance, which only another interview with the doctor and the trained nurse—and the baby—can wipe out. But all things have an end. At the end of a month, while you are at your desk at profit and loss, someone comes in, slaps you on the back, and shouts: "Well, old man, how's the baby?" And you reply, absent-mindedly, "Oh, he's all right."

## A Chinese View of The Negro.

"Harper's Weekly."

MR. WU, the Chinese Minister, being asked for his views on "The American negro problem," has declared them explicitly. About the burning of the negro Alexander in Kansas he speaks with horror, as other sane persons do. "I do not understand it at all," he says. "You brought the black man here against his will. You made him free. You declared him equal to the white man, but denied him his equality. He does not hold office. He does not serve on juries. You regard him as a savage. He feels himself an outcast, and acts accordingly. Why not assimilate him benevolently? There is only one way. Make him a white in color and in nature. I have not given the subject extensive study, but I would say encourage the negro men to marry white women, and urge negro women to marry white men."

We may smile at Mr. Wu's suggestion. The remedy he prescribes for our race problem would probably cure it. The trouble about it is that four-

fifths—or more probably ninety-nine-hundredths—of the white people in the country would regard it as infinitely worse than the disease. They would be glad to see the black people become white, but would think it an overwhelming calamity for the white people to undergo an infusion of negro blood.

The most striking deduction that offers from Mr. Wu's suggestion is this: If a highly intelligent Chinese gentleman who has lived a good while in this country, and seems to understand American concerns very well, can make a proposition for our benefit which strikes the average "American" as entirely preposterous, how preposterous to the Chinese must seem the suggestions for the amelioration of China which intelligent foreigners devise! Do the plans for China's betterment, seemingly wise and feasible, which intelligent foreigners offer, run as violently counter to Chinese hopes and instincts as Mr. Wu's suggestion of the physical amalgamation of whites and blacks in America run to ours? It is only too probable that many of them do; that the allies in China and the Americans in the Philippines will attempt many things that look reasonable, but which will fail because they are opposed to social intentions or repulsions that are stronger than life or death. Robert Louis Stevenson, writing to a woman friend who was going out as a missionary, said: "Remember that you cannot change ancestral feelings of right and wrong without what is practically soul-murder. Remember that all you can do is to civilize the man in the line of his own civilization, such as it is." Mr. Wu says, "Nations that permit lynchings cannot call themselves Christians." Very true; and nations that permit burnings at the stake cannot call themselves civilized. Nevertheless, the line of our civilization, such as it is, does not seem to run in the direction of the union of the black and white races. Let our understanding of that, and our realization of Mr. Wu's failure to appreciate it, help us to appreciate how much in the dark we are about the Oriental civilizations, and the lines of development that they are bound to follow.

## The Echo at Work.

From the "Princeton Tiger."

When we had climbed to the top of the mountain we observed an old man sitting on a rock with a pair of field glasses in his hands. Every now and then he would look earnestly through them and then whoop continuously for a time with a vigor astonishing, considering his age. For a time we observed him from a respectful distance, till finally, being naturally curious, I went up to him. "Why," I asked, "do you rubber that way and then yell so loud?"

He turned and eyed me calmly, with a dignity which could have been born of nothing but a great responsibility. "If you talk to me," he said gravely, "you'll take my attention and I'll lose my job. I, sir, am the Echo at the Mountain House down yonder."

At this point it became necessary for him to howl again, and I retired much impressed.

Mistress (astounded)—You can't read, Norah? Good gracious! How did you ever learn to cook so well? New Cook—Shure, mum, O'fay it 't' bein' able t' trade th' cook-books—Brooklyn "Life."

## Change of Climate

### Not Necessary in Order to Cure Catarrh.

The popular idea that the only cure for chronic catarrh is a change of climate, is a mistake, because catarrh is found in all climates in all sections of the country; and even if a change of climate should benefit for a time, the catarrh will certainly return.

Catarrh may be readily cured in any climate, but the only way to do it is to destroy or remove from the system the catarrhal germs which cause all the mischief.

The treatment by inhalers, sprays, powders and washes has been proven almost useless in making a permanent cure, as they do not reach the seat of disease, which is in the blood and can be reached only by an internal remedy which acts through the stomach upon the blood and system generally.

A new discovery which is meeting with remarkable success in curing catarrh of the head, throat and bronchial tubes, and also catarrh of the stomach, is sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets, which are pleasant and harmless to take, owe their efficiency to the active medicinal principles of Blood Root, Red Gum, and a new specific called Guaiacol, which together with valuable antiseptics are combined in convenient, palatable tablet form, and as valuable for children as for adults.

Mr. A. R. Fernbank of Columbus, Ohio, says: "I suffered so many winters from Catarrh that I took it as a matter of course, and that nothing would cure it except a change of climate, which my business affairs would not permit me to take."

My nostrils were almost always clogged up; I had to breathe through the mouth, causing an inflamed, irritated throat. The thought of eating breakfast often nauseated me, and the catarrh gradually getting into my stomach took away my appetite and digestion.

My druggist advised me to try a fifty-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he said he had so many customers who had been cured of Catarrh by the use of these tablets that he felt he could honestly recommend them. I took his advice and used several boxes, with results that surprised and delighted me.

I always keep a box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in the house, and the whole family use them freely on the first appearance of a cough or cold in the head.

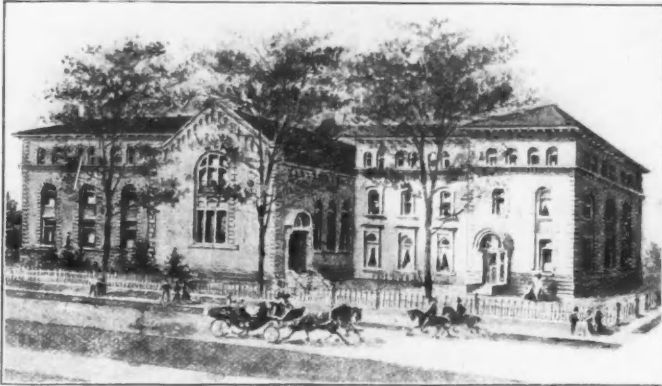
With our children we think there is nothing so safe and reliable as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to ward off croup and colds, and with older people I have known of cases where the hearing had been seriously impaired by chronic catarrh cured entirely by this new remedy.

## Canada's Musical Center.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music has long been favorably known for the excellence of its educational work and as being the largest music school in Canada, as well as holding third place on the continent of America as respects the number of students enrolled. Since it was founded in 1886 the development of the Conservatory has been strong and rapid; the attendance of 1,150 during the season which closed in June last was the largest in the history of the institution, a splendid tribute certainly to the high standards of musical culture established and maintained by Dr. Edward Fisher, the musical director and eminent founder of the Conservatory.

The faculty is unusually strong, the best of teachers being provided in all branches of music and elocution. The

Being affiliated with both Trinity and Toronto Universities, the Conservatory gives special attention to preparing students for university examinations for the degrees of Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. This affiliation gives additional strength and dignity to the Conservatory system of examinations, which are now open to all candidates without restriction, an advantage eagerly sought for and enjoyed by many teachers and pupils throughout Canada. Graduates of the Conservatory in the theory department are exempted from the first two examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. at both universities, clearly showing that the educational standard of the institution is of a high order. Diplomas, certificates, scholarships and medals are awarded in the various departments. The Conservatory also awards annually scholarships of the value of \$2,000, thus enabling



whole staff has been selected in view of their superior excellence as specialists in their respective departments.

The following largely comprise the faculty: Pianoforte—Dr. Edward Fisher (Musical Director), A. S. Vogt, J. D. A. Tripp, J. W. F. Harrison, W. J. McNally, Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., Miss Sara E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M., Miss Frances S. Morris, A.T.C.M., Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., Mrs. J. L. Nichols, Miss Edith Myers, A.T.C.M., Mrs. M. R. Heinrich, Miss Annie Johnson, A.T.C.M., Miss Edith M. Crittenden, A.T.C.M., Miss May L. Kirkpatrick, A.T.C.M., Miss Ola V. Wilkinson, A.T.C.M., Miss Isabel Christie, A.T.C.M., and Miss Mabel O'Brien, A.T.C.M. Vocal—Mrs. Julie Wyman, Rachab Tandy, Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Dublin, F.R.C.O. (Eng.), L.T.C. (Lon.), Mrs. Norma Reynolds-Reburn, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Alice Denzil, Miss Mary Nolan, Mrs. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M., Miss Annie Halliworth, A.T.C.M., Miss S. Marjorie Ratcliffe, Theophrastus Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac. Oxon, F.R.C.O. (Eng.), A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac., organist, Mr. A. S. Vogt, Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., etc., J. W. F. Harrison, Arthur Blakeley, Miss Sara E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M. (Eng.), Jessie C. Perry, A.T.C.M., Violin or viola—Mrs. B. Drechsler Adams, Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M., Violoncello—John Hahn, Cornet and French horn—John Waldron, Guitar, mandolin, and banjo—L. N. Watkins, Mandolin—Miss Lillie Cottam, Sight-singing, introductory theory, music in public schools—A. T. Cringan, Mus. Bac., S. H. Preston, Piano and organ tuning—Sanford Leppard.

The thorough and artistic character of the Conservatory's work is indicated by the great number of positions as teachers and performers now held by its graduates and undergraduates, and particularly by the large number of students who attend the institution to be trained for the profession of music teaching.

## Queen's Niggers.

AN "American" cruising through West Indian waters had an amusing experience of the belief of the blacks in the all-powerful magic of Queen Victoria's name, says the New York "Tribune." Calling at an island near Cuba he took on board a planter friend of his and sailed toward Cuba, which was then in the midst of its last struggle with Spain. One day, spying a boat containing some men well known to his friend, he ran his yacht alongside and asked what they were doing.

"Jes' fishin', sah," was the cheerful response.

The planter was below, so the "American" seized the opportunity to enliven the monotony of the cruise.

"No, you're not," he said, fiercely. "You're Cuban spies, and the Spaniards have sent me after you."

The dusky faces grew gravely dig-

nified. "No, sah," said the spokesman, "we ain't no spies. We're Queen's niggers."

"Queen's niggers?" What good does that do you?"

"Queen doan't let nobody tech her niggers," insisted the spokesman, haughtily.

The "American" drew a pistol and requested to know what the Queen was going to do about that. Her Majesty, although puissant, was far away, and the pistol ominously near, so down on their knees sank the unhappy subjects of Victoria. Their bloodthirsty captor said he would refer the case to the general, and beckoned the planter from the cabin. At the sight of the well-known face the petitioners bobbed up like so many corks.

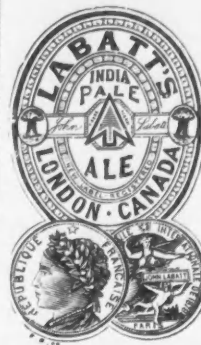
"Well, boys," said their friend, "you're a fine set of cowards. The Queen would be ashamed of you."

"Fo' sure, Massa Johnnie," murmured the penitents. "We couldn't do no

## In One Way.



Mrs. Smith—Do you find my son Robert prompt and punctual?  
Mr. Brown—Yes, indeed. I never saw a young man who could get out of the office at 5 o'clock with less delay.



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(LONDON)  
INDIA PALE ALE

The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.

AT GROCERS, CLUBS AND HOTELS

## The Best Beef Tea

Better far than any home-made beef tea can be, because ALL the properties of the beef, both tonic and nutritious, are retained in it, is made from the Fluid Beef of the...

**OXOL**  
FLUID BEEF COMPANY

For Sale by all Grocers and Druggists

better." Then, coming closer, "Supposin' he had a-been a Spaniard, he wouldn't a-dared tech Queen's niggers, would he, Massa Johnnie?" They were assured that no Spaniard would attempt such an outrage, and they clambered aboard to drink the Queen's health in the "American's" best champagne.

## Cross and Crown.

"Pretty maiden, come with me,  
Let us cross the ocean's foam,  
And forever happy be  
In my dear old London home."

"What's your title, gentle sir?  
Do you wear a diadem crown?  
Can I make it social stir  
As your bride in London town?"

"Nay, I am a simple knight,  
Tis with love I sue to thee,  
Let us our betrothal plight  
And together cross the sea."

But the maiden turned away,  
Gave her hand a flippancy toss,  
And the Briton heard her say:  
"No, sir, no crown, no cross."  
—Willis B. Hawkins, in N. Y. "Life."

## The Coming Bride.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows on "The Coming Bride": "The tendency to marry later in life than has hitherto been the case has been often commented on, and there is no dispute about the fact. The bride of to-day is seldom much under twenty-five years old, while a quarter of a century ago a bride of that age was the exception. When we of middle life look up our mother's marriage record we find, as a rule, that she was about twenty, and on looking back a little further we find our grandmothers

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The regular use of BOVRIL will keep your whole system vigorous and healthy and will enable you to resist the attacks of this troublesome and dangerous malady.

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## Emp:rador Sherry

has a big body, but it is not heavy on the palate. It consists mainly of Amontillado passedo, which means that the Wine has "passed" the Amontillado stage by age.

These Wines are little known in America as yet, but they are sure to be much appreciated, because they are fruity with a dry or nutty aftertaste.

Established 1856

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Princess Street Docks, "190  
72 Queen Street West, "136  
124 Yonge Street, "8298  
304 Queen Street East, "134

## FREE: THIS MONTH

A formula of Madame La Belle's own preparation for Shampoos or Hand Beautifier will be given to every lady who has work done or placed on order, amounting to \$5. Daily class open for students. Consultation free.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.**  
Those who are troubled with Superfluous Hair should call on Madame La Belle at once. She will remove it by a new painless discovery and guarantee no marks.

married before they had reached one-score years, and in many cases while they were between sixteen and eighteen.

"This same general rule applies to the men, and we get their figures by adding about five to each of the foregoing. So, during the new century, we may expect to see many brides of thirty summers. There is a reason for this. Persons do not now marry and then provide the means for their support by their joint efforts, but they insist upon the means of living before assuming the responsibilities of married life.

"Man makes the first great effort alone. He must make an effort, and does not ask the woman to share his labors. She waits until he has made the provision. Then man is slower in getting his start in life, for education is thought more of than ever before, and school and college get years that used to be devoted to the more stern duties of life. Many a present grandfather was well along in his business career at the age of his grandson, who is now completing his education.

"The dear girls, also, are working for an education at the age when their grandmothers were caring for their parents. So the tendency with both sexes is to postpone the wedding day, and recent statistics show quite clearly that the twentieth century will witness few early marriages, and that by far the greater number of unions will be between men and women who are close to thirty."

Young Lady (anxious to uplift the stage)—Yes, my interest in the profession is not simply working for sordid gain. I have a higher ideal—to teach the grand lesson, to portray life in its true proportion, its grand symmetry. Manager Rose-in-bloom—H'm. You would do it in tight, I s'pose.—"Life."

## TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. K. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

## Sparkling Eyes

### Rosy Cheeks

Graceful Forms come from a few moments' daily use of the

## WHITELY EXERCISER

It occupies the least of space against the wall, yet gives the greatest results in expanding chest, developing bust, correcting round shoulders, strengthening the back, and reducing co-pulence.

It brings perfect physical development to men, women and children. Equally essential to athletes and invalids. Your doctor will recommend the Whitely if you ask him.

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Floor Wax and Polishing Brushes.

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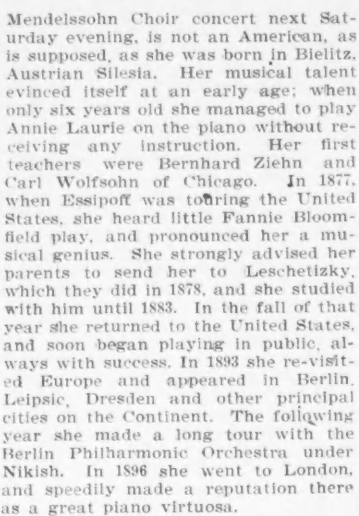
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87 KING ST. W., TORONTO

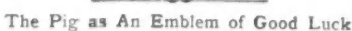
**J. W. L. FORSTER**

...PORTRAIT PAINTING  
Studio: 34 King Street West





A number of public-spirited men have advanced \$5,000 for the expenses this season of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, conductor Victor Herbert. At the opening concert on the 22nd ult. Mrs. Dorothy Jarvey, a Canadian singer, was the soloist, and sang Liszt's Mignon and Richard Strauss's Serenade. Thinking of what is being done in other important cities in America for the cause of orchestral music, one begins to wonder whether Toronto will have a good professional symphony orchestra of its own by the end of the present century. When it is considered how indifferent Toronto people seem to be to the attractions of orchestral music, and that for many years a sum of about \$1,000 has been lying in the bank—the surplus of the last Music Festival—awaiting an agreement on the part of our local musicians upon a scheme for another festival, in which case the trustees could have had the money at their disposal to guarantee fund one begins to think that the claims put forth that Toronto is a musical city must be advanced "sarkastick."



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at Room 20, 2 College St.

to 174 KING ST. WEST,  
ONTO



## "SAN TOY"

The London success, which is received with such marked favor at Daly's Theater, New York, is included

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This is but an instance showing how closely the owner of a Pianola may keep in touch with the popular airs of the day.

The works of the great masters, ancient and modern, are equally at command.

Immediate access to this inexhaustible fund of pleasure does not depend upon musical knowledge, but may be obtained simply by the purchase of a Pianola.

## The PIANOLA

Is NOT a Self-playing Piano. It is an instrument by means of which any one can play the piano.

The Pianola is on exhibition and on sale, and is gladly shown to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers.

Special recital, to which you are invited, Wednesdays, 4 p.m.

PRICE \$275.

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### "St. Valentine Evening."

Mrs. Emma Scott Ruff will give her Second Annual Recital, under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A., in the Guild Hall, McGill Street, Thursday, Feb. 14th, assisted by such artists as Miss Ethel Husband, Mrs. Bae, piano; Miss Hilda Richardson, cello; Mr. F. C. Smith, violin, and the Sherlock Quartet. Mrs. Scott Ruff will give an entirely new repertoire of classical, humorous and dramatic readings, among which are selections from Shakespeare, Mrs. Browning, Jean Bievet, and an interesting story of Colorado life which appeared in the Christmas number of "Variety" from Mrs. Ruff's own pen.

### FOR RENT

In Lake Joseph, Muskoka, large stone and frame summer residence. Seven bedrooms, large living room, open fireplace, oak floors throughout, every room well furnished. Sandy bathing beach, steamboat wharf, etc. For particulars apply to—  
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### Upright Pianos

BEHNZMAN	190
BOUDOUIS	150
CHICKERING	250
NORDHEIMER	200
GILBERT	80
KIRKMAN	100
STEINWAY	275
BELL	150
CHAPPELL	85

### Square Pianos

CHICKERING	140
BEHNZMAN	125
WILLIAMS	100
MASON & RICH	110
STEINWAY	200
HAINES	150
THOMAS	90
WESTERN	115
EMERSON	125
MILLER	125
THOMAS	95
DUNHAM	85

A complete list with full description will be sent to any address on application to

**THE NORDHEIMER**  
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15 King St. East, TORONTO.

### Social and Personal.

"During the first of the century things were going merrily at Haddo House, and only lately the Countess of Aberdeen complained at a lecture in a country district of Aberdeenshire that it was a serious matter to have a household of young folk with nothing to occupy their attention. But the minds of the young folk, of which there have been quite a number at Haddo House lately, have been occupied, amateur theatricals being the particular dissipation indulged in. The dramatic scenes were from Sir Walter Scott's "The Abbot," and were meant to illustrate the sufferings of Mary Queen of Scots. Preceding the more ambitious piece, three little mites, one of whom was the Hon. Jasper Ridley, gave a fairy sketch, "The Three Wishes." The Scottish scene was delightfully done, and among those who applauded the young actors were Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Viscount Ridley and the Hon. Mr. Coutts Marjoribanks. Lady Marjorie Gordon played the part of Queen Mary with dignity, if with a little awkwardness, which may be called bashfulness, and her father made a good Lord Lindsay. The Countess of Aberdeen appeared as the Lady of Lochleven, while the dashing champion of the Queen, Roland Graeme, was left to the Hon. Archie Gordon. Other parts were taken by the Hon. Jasper Ridley, the Hon. Mrs. Coutts Marjoribanks, the Hon. Stella Ridley, the Hon. Grace Ridley, Mr. Gaston De Vere and Mr. Woodland Smith. The performances passed off smoothly and heartily," says "Modern Society."

Miss Grace Cook leaves for her home in Scotland on Saturday, after visiting her cousin, Mr. Alexander Cook.

On the occasion of his visit to his old staff of the Canadian Pacific Railway, General Freight Department, in Union Station, Mr. E. Tiffin, Traffic Manager of the Intercolonial R.R., was made the recipient of a gold mounted umbrella, a cigar case and a toilet case. The presentation was made by Mr. W. H. B. Miller, on behalf of the staff of the general freight and city freight offices, to which a suitable acknowledgment was made by Mr. Tiffin.

Miss Lukes will entertain the Euche Club at her home in Huron street on Monday evening.

Mrs. and Miss Anglin left for Ottawa on Tuesday evening, after a very pleasant but very short visit. Mr. Basil Anglin will remain a week or ten days yet.

On Wednesday evening Miss Muriel Smellie entertained a small party of her friends at her home, 34 Avenue road. After games and dancing had been indulged in, very dainty refreshments were partaken of. Everyone will be pleased to learn that Miss Muriel's health is steadily improving. Among those present were Miss Sweetman and her guests, Miss Morton and Miss Vrooman, both of whom, it is regretted, are soon to leave Toronto.

Mrs. Harold T. Ganier, 88 Wilcox street, has returned from New York, and will be at home to her friends on the third and fourth Tuesdays of the month.

Miss Evelyn Cameron has gone to Ottawa to visit her friend, Miss Montzambert. Mrs. Stratford, who has been so ill in hospital, is better, and has returned to her apartments in Simcoe street. Miss Eva Atcheson is visiting Mrs. Howard Chandler in Parkdale. Miss Marie Burnham is visiting Mrs. Edmund G. Burke, 15 Spadina road.

Miss H. M. Hill gave a most interesting address in the crypt of St. Alban's Cathedral on Tuesday evening to a very nice audience. The references and reminiscences of Queen Victoria, Windsor Castle and other famous places and people of old London were illustrated with excellent lime-light views, arranged by Canon Macnabb.

Miss Stratford of Brantford, who has been a guest at Clover Hill, has returned home.

The great Sembrich operatic concert will this evening be the rendezvous of the artistic and cultured section of society. Coming as it did after the past few days of extreme quiet, the At Home given by the Octo Club in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last was doubly enjoyed by nearly two hundred of Toronto's young people. As is usual at these dances, the members of the club devoted themselves entirely to looking after the comfort of their guests and to making them feel at home. In consequence, each one had a full programme, which, with a good floor and good music, ensures an enjoyable time. The hall was gay with bunting and flags draped in pretty designs. Dainty refreshments were served downstairs at midnight, and not the least enjoyable part of this was the avoidance of overcrowding in

the supper-room. Altogether the club is to be congratulated on the success of its fifth annual At Home. The guests were received by Mrs. A. M. Wright, Mrs. L. J. Johnston, Mrs. W. P. Bonnell, Mrs. J. Hoops, Mrs. T. Smith-Scott.

**WANTED**—March 1st, a superior person to take complete charge of an infant, now three months old. Family consists of subscriber and one general servant. Best of references required. Apply giving full particulars to P.O. Box 634, Montreal.

## SHEA'S THEATER

MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.  
EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.  
Special Engagement for One Week Only  
**KATHERINE BLOODGOOD**  
Leading Contralto of America.  
**PERKS ELDREDGE**  
Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Fun.  
**JESS DAVY**  
Hebraic Delineator.  
Acrobats in a French Restaurant.  
**JAMES O. BARROWS,**  
**JOHN LANCASTER & CO.**  
In a Humorous One-Act Skit "A Thoroughbred."  
**T. WILNOT ESKERT & EMMA BERG**  
Presenting the Japanese Operetta "Little Pee Wee."  
**LOUISE KUNNING**  
Sweet Singer of Scotch Ballads.  
**BERNARD & BREEKE**  
Premier Club Jugglers.  
EXTRA-ATTRACTION-EXTRA  
**JAMES & MARIE FINNEY**  
Champion All Round and Trick Swimmers of the World.

## MASSEY HALL

FEBRUARY 18th  
Conservatory String Orchestra

...Conductress...  
**MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON.**  
The Famous Piano Virtuoso  
**DOHNANYI**

**MISS BEVERLEY ROBINSON**  
Soprano.  
**MISS LINA D. ADAMSON**  
Solo Violinist.  
Tickets—\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c. Subscribers' list now open at Nordheimer's music store.

Sat. Evg. Feb. 9

The most impressive event of the musical season....

## Sembrich

OPERA COMPANY

Under the direction of MR. C. L. GRAFF.

Grand Operatic Concert MASSEY HALL

Sole Appearance in Canada of the Master Singer of the Day

ARTISTS—Madame Sembrich, soprano; Mme. Matfeld, contralto; Signor de Lova, tenor; Signor Bensaud, Galszti, baritone; Signor Dado Rossi, basses.  
GRAND ORCHESTRA | Conductor, Signor Bevilacqua.  
Reserved Seats—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, on sale at Massey Hall box office from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Orders from outside places should be addressed—Manager Massey Music Hall.

### "A Canadian Volunteer."

The popular new song sung with great success by Harry M. Bennett, Toronto, and by Miss Lyndale Allison of the Humpty Dumpty Lyceum, London. The song is very good indeed. To be obtained from all music dealers, or from the composer, Arthur H. Mathews, 241 Wellington Street West, Toronto. Words and music 25 cents, postpaid.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

Henry A. Taylor,

Draper.

There may be some between season advantages in the way of selection and price in the suiting and trousering that gentlemen will appreciate in selecting from so fine an assortment of exclusive novelties as I am showing.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK

We Believe it to be the Best Ever Shown in Canada.

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By noticing our Photographic Display in window, 101 King St. West?

FREDERICK LYONDE

## FAIRWEATHER'S

### Opera Cloaks



We're selling them at a big sacrifice, and they're the handsomest garments that have ever seen daylight in Toronto. We want the room they occupy. We're willing as far as profits are concerned to live on the remembrance of them in the earlier part of the season—so we're going to make prices do on ten only handsome ones we've left that quality and style has done up to now. Here are a few lines that index the lot:

- 1 only, Cream French Broadcloth Cloak, appliqued, white Thibet collar and trimmings, blue fancy quilted satin lining—was \$55.00, for \$29.00
- 2 only, Gray French Broadcloth Cloaks, appliqued, high white Thibet collar and facings, quilted canary satin lining—was \$40.00, for \$25.00
- 1 only, Light Fawn Ladies' Cloth Cloak, appliqued and trimmed with Moufflon collar facings and revers to match the goods, fine quilted satin lining—was \$50.00, for \$30.00
- 1 only, Fawn French Broadcloth Cloak, white Thibet collar and facings, blue satin linings—was \$45.00, for \$29.00
- 1 only, Plain Fawn French Broadcloth Cloak, full plaited lower skirt, Moufflon collar facings and revers, lined with cerise quilted satin—was \$40.00, for \$25.00
- 1 Long Opera Cloak, with sleeves, fine dark Cardinal English Broadcloth, yoke and plaited back, fancy broadcloth satin lining—was \$60.00, for \$35.00
- 1 only, Mauve Cloak, in fine Ladies' Cloth, white Thibet collar and facings, white satin quilted linings—was \$40.00, for \$25.00

These Cloaks are the nicest and newest made, lengths being from 3/4 to full length, and the prices we're selling them at stand for less than the cost of production.

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Gourlay, Winter & Leeming  
188 YONGE ST., TORONTO

## Sacrifice Sale of MUSIC-BOXES

We did a large trade in Music-Boxes during the Xmas and New Year holiday season, but not quite enough to give us that extra amount of floor space which was the special object of the sale. We find that we still have on hand 41 boxes, and to dispose of these we are arranging a special

### CUT-RATE SALE

to commence on February 11th. We have fixed the date far enough ahead to enable customers in the far Eastern and Western Provinces an equal opportunity with our Toronto buyers of securing the bargains which we offer. Orders will be filled in exact order as received, no matter from what quarter they may come. The Boxes which we now offer can be divided into three groups, as follows:

#### Stella Music-Boxes

with changeable steel tune sheets, by means of which any Box can be made to play thousands of tunes. The prices which we quote below include six tune sheets free with each Box. A catalogue of tunes is furnished, and from it the customer can order extra tune sheets at a small cost. The Stella Boxes offered at this sale are in last year's cases. Cut-rates do not apply to Stella Boxes in the new century cases.

- ONE ONLY—Walnut case, 13 1/2 x 11 x 8 inches. Tune sheets 9 1/2 inches in diameter. Original price, \$27.50. Reduced to \$20.00
- ONE ONLY—Walnut case, with inlaid marquerie cover, 22 1/2 inches long, 17 1/2 inches wide, 9 1/2 inches high, with speed regulator. Tune sheets 14 inches in diameter. Original price, \$35.00. Reduced to \$25.00
- TWO ONLY—Walnut cases, inlaid with marquerie, 24 inches long, 18 1/2 inches wide, 11 1/2 inches high. Speed regulator. Tune sheets 14 inches in diameter. Drawer to hold fifty tune sheets. Original price, \$30.00. Reduced to \$22.50
- FOUR ONLY—Walnut cases, inlaid with marquerie, 22 1/2 inches long, 17 1/2 inches wide and 9 1/2 inches high. Two combs with 120 tongues. Tune sheets 14 inches in diameter. Speed regulator. Original price, \$65.00. Reduced price, \$45.00
- THREE ONLY—Walnut case, inlaid with marquerie, 24 inches long, 18 1/2 inches wide and 11 1/2 inches high. Speed regulator. Diameter of tune sheets 17 1/2 inches. Original price, \$75.00. Reduced to \$55.00
- TWO ONLY—Walnut cases, inlaid with marquerie, 24 inches long, 21 inches wide and 12 1/2 inches high. Speed regulator. Diameter of tune sheets 17 1/2 inches. Two combs with 168 steel tongues. Original price, \$85.00. Reduced to \$65.00
- ONE ONLY—Walnut case, inlaid with marquerie, 28 1/2 inches long, 21 inches wide and 12 1/2 inches high. Speed regulator. Diameter of tune sheets 17 1/2 inches. Two combs with 168 steel tongues. Drawer to hold 50 tune sheets. Original price, \$100.00. Reduced to \$75.00

#### Regina Music-Boxes

operated by changeable steel tune sheets, by which each Box can be made to play thousands of tunes. The prices quoted below include 6 tune sheets for each Box. Extra tune sheets can be purchased at any time by the customer, who has only to consult the catalogue of tune sheets.

- ONE ONLY—In quartered oak case, 30 steel tongues. Dimensions 13 x 12 x 8 1/2 inches. Tune sheets 11 inches in diameter. Original price \$30.00. Reduced to \$22.50
- THREE ONLY—In mahogany and oak cases. Dimensions 22 1/2 x 20 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches. Long running movement, 75 steel tongues. Tune sheets 15 1/2 inches in diameter. Original price \$35.00. Reduced to \$25.00
- ELEVEN ONLY—In quartered oak cases. Long running movement, 136 steel tongues duplex. Dimensions 22 1/2 x 20 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches. Tune sheets 15 1/2 inches in diameter. Original price \$80.00. Reduced to \$57.50

- ONE ONLY—In very handsome mahogany case. Long running movement. Two large combs with 130 steel tongues tuned in chromatic scale. Dimensions 29 x 29 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches. Tune sheets 20 1/2 inches in diameter. Original price \$105.00. Reduced to \$79.00
- ONE ONLY—In handsome mahogany case. Long running movement. Two large combs with 172 steel tongues tuned chromatically with a scale of over 7 octaves. Dimensions of case 34 x 20 x 12 1/2 inches. Tune sheets 27 inches in diameter. Original price \$125.00. Reduced to \$99.50
- ONE ONLY—Mahogany upright or cabinet case. Long running movement. Two large combs with 130 steel tongues tuned in chromatic scale. Dimensions 71 x 36 x 16 inches. Tune sheets 20 1/2 inches in diameter, with nickel-in-the-slot attachment. Original price \$105.00. Reduced to \$82.50

#### Cylinder Boxes

Each of these Boxes plays a fixed number of tunes as stated.

- TWO ONLY—Cylinder Music Boxes, in rosewood case, with inlaid marquerie decoration. Has 5 1/2 inch cylinder, tune indicator and tune skipper, with six tunes. Dimensions 16 x 8 inches. Regular price \$12.50. Reduced to \$8.50

- ONE ONLY—Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case. Has 6 1/2 inch cylinder, tune indicator, tune skipper and patent safety check. Plays six tunes. Dimensions 17 x 9 inches. Regular price \$13.00. Reduced to \$9.00

- ONE ONLY—Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case. Has 9 inch cylinder, tune indicator, tune skipper and patent safety check. Plays eight tunes. Dimensions 23 x 9 1/2 inches. Regular price \$17.50. Reduced to \$12.50

- ONE ONLY—Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case. Has 10 inch cylinder, tune indicator, tune skipper and patent safety check. Plays 12 tunes. Dimensions 23 x 9 1/2 inches. Regular price \$20.00. Reduced to \$15.00

- ONE ONLY—"Forté Piccolo" Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case, 11 1/2 inch cylinder, nickel movement of latest model, with most recent improvements. Has an extra octave of high notes, in comb giving a beautiful effect. Has harp zither attachment. Dimensions 23 x 9 1/2 inches. Regular price \$30.00. Reduced to \$18.40

- ONE ONLY—"Sublime Harmonie" Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case, 11 1/2 inch cylinder nickel movement of latest model. Has 2 combs, giving a full powerful tone. Plays 8 tunes. Case 23 x 9 1/2 inches. Regular price \$37.50. Reduced to \$22.60

- ONE ONLY—"Guitare" Cylinder Music Box, in handsome inlaid rosewood case, 13 1/2 inch cylinder nickel movement of latest model. Has harp zither attachment. Is a lovely mellow-toned instrument. Case 23 x 9 1/2 inches. Regular price \$42.50. Reduced to \$24.75

Music-Boxes will be sent, carefully packed, to any address on receipt of the advertised price. Every Box guaranteed. Remit by P.O. Order, Express Order, or Bank Draft.

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OUR SLICER cuts every piece thin and uniform. The price is low. Is recognized to be the best.

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## PRIVATE RIDING LESSONS

Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to—

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## ..Dress Trunks..

When going away for a trip of any length you will find it will be a great comfort to use a Dress Trunk. The trays keep the gowns in perfect order, and then when something is wanted from the bottom of the Trunk one just has to lift the trays out, nothing is disturbed.

A gown is laid full length, as the trunk is 42 inches long, with deep hat tray and three dress trays.

### Our Illustrated Catalogue

No. 65, which we send on request, gives full description with prices of all our goods.

The **JULIAN SALE**  
Leather Goods Co., Limited  
105 KING STREET WEST

## ANGLO-AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

### Annual Statement.

S. F. MCKINNON, ESQ., - - - - - PRESIDENT.  
(S. F. McKinnon & Co., Toronto).

J. J. LONG, ESQ., - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.  
(The T. Long & Brother Co., Collingwood).

#### DIRECTORS.

A. A. ALLAN, Esq., Messrs. A. A. Allan & Co., Toronto.  
JOHN R. BARBER, Esq., Pres. Toronto Paper Co. of Cornwall, Georgetown.  
DR. GEORGE H. BOWLEY, Berlin.  
A. B. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Barrister, Kingston.  
H. P. ECKARDT, Esq., Messrs. H. P. Eckardt & Co., Toronto.  
JOHN FLETT, Esq., Flett, Lowndes & Co., Limited, Toronto.  
JOHN GOWANS, Esq., Messrs. Gowans, Kent & Co., Toronto.  
W. J. GAGE, Esq., The W. J. Gage Co., Limited, Toronto.  
JOHN KNOX, Esq., Messrs. Knox, Morgan & Co., Hamilton.  
R. MILLICAMP, Esq., Messrs. Millicamp, Coyle & Co., Toronto.  
J. N. SHENSTONE, Esq., Sec.-Treas. Massey-Harris Co., Limited, Toronto.  
DR. URIAH M. STANLEY, Brantford.  
HUGH WADDELL, Esq., Peterboro'.

#### REPORT OF DIRECTORS

Presented at the Second Annual Meeting of Shareholders Held at the Head Offices of the Company, McKinnon Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the Fifth day of February, 1901.

Your Directors take pleasure in presenting their report and statement of the Company's business for the second year of its existence. Since the last annual meeting the Company has deposited with the Dominion Government \$54,723.99, and obtained a license authorizing it to transact business throughout Canada, and agencies are now established in Ontario, Manitoba, North-West Territories, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and an active and satisfactory business is being transacted. The fire losses during the past year have been the largest ever experienced in Canada, and all insurance companies have suffered more severely than usual, and your Directors, therefore, under the circumstances, regard the surplus of \$23,339.78 of income over expenditures as satisfactory. The great conflagration in Ottawa and Hull, which proved so disastrous, involving a loss of some ten million dollars, caused us a net loss of thirteen thousand six hundred dollars, or about one-fifth of our total loss for the year. The Directors find that the officers, agents, and representatives of the Company have faithfully discharged their duties, and desire to express their appreciation of same.

S. F. MCKINNON, President.

#### Financial Statement for the Year ending 31st December, 1900.

##### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Fire Losses Paid and under Adjustment .....	\$1,458.87	Balance from 31 Dec., 1899 .....	\$21,596.29
Paid for Reinsurance .....	30,239.15	Premium Income .....	\$145,720.12
Commission and other charges, including Government Fees, License, and Taxes, 23-1/2 per cent. of Organization Expenses and all Books, Stationery and Printed Matter .....	42,695.10	Less Cancellations .....	5,852.35
Balance .....	23,339.78	Interest Account .....	\$133,877.72
			2,778.89
	\$158,252.91		\$158,252.91

##### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance from Revenue Account .....	\$23,339.78		\$23,339.78
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##### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in .....	\$85,000.00	Cash on Hand and on Deposit in Molsens Bank .....	\$4,933.57
Sundry Accounts due and for Reinsurance .....	3,239.42	Bonds and Debentures deposited with Dominion Government .....	54,723.99
Losses under Adjustment at 31st Dec., 1900, of which \$1,458.87 is Reinsured .....	9,855.01	Accrued Interest on above .....	655.95
Balance at Credit, Profit and Loss Account .....	23,339.78	Agents' Balances and other Accounts .....	13,247.80
		Organization Expenses, Balance carried forward .....	4,428.63
		Office Furniture, including God's Maps .....	2,494.21
	\$121,491.21		\$121,491.21

##### SECURITY TO POLICY-HOLDERS.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—	
Paid on Stock .....	\$85,000
Balance to Pay on Stock .....	\$87,040
Balance from Revenue Account .....	\$23,339.78
	\$195,439.78

ARMSTRONG DEAN,  
General Manager.

TO THE PRESIDENT, DIRECTORS AND SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY:

Gentlemen, We, the undersigned, having examined the vouchers, checked the Bank Balances and audited the books of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1900, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a true statement as at above date.

J. F. LANGLEY,  
RICHARD LEE,  
Auditors.

MEMO.—The outstanding losses at 31st December, 1900, amounting to \$9,855.01, have since been adjusted and paid.

J. P. LANGLEY,  
RICHARD LEE,  
Auditors.

Toronto, January 31st, 1901.

The retiring Board were all re-elected.

## HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO

Here are words of praise from those who know a good piano—some of the world's greatest artists. You cannot go astray when you take their judgment in making your selection.

—"I had no idea so good a piano was manufactured in Canada."—FRIEDRICH.  
—"Possesses unique musical characteristics that must give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world."—BURNMASTER.  
—"A piano capable in the highest degree of the most delicate inflections and of widest range."—PLUNKET GREENE.  
—"It excels any piano I have ever used."—ALBANI.

PIANO SALONS OF YE OLD FIRM OF  
**Heintzman & Co.**  
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The New York Sun had an article on the manufacture of clothing that is of interest to every intelligent man or woman.

It stated that most of the ready-made clothing was made in clean, modern factory buildings, and most of the made-to-order clothing was made in tenement houses.

When you buy here you run no risk of getting sweat shop work or disease germs in your clothing.

## Oak Hall Clothiers

115 to 121 King Street East, and 116 Yonge Street, Toronto  
Retail Branches of the W. E. Sanford Mfg. Co., Limited, of Hamilton.

## L. HERBERT LUKE

Issuer of Marriage Licenses

At Ambrose Kent & Sons, Limited, 'Phone—1165. 156 Yonge St. Evenings at 63 Borden St.

#### Social and Personal.

An entertainment to which a great many people are looking forward with more than ordinary anticipations of pleasure is the concert to be given in Massey Hall on the 18th inst., at which Dohnanyi, the great pianist-composer, the Conservatory String Orchestra, Miss Beverley-Robinson and Miss Lina D. Adamson are to take part.

This season the great festival of the early spring and the first large public event after the period of mourning will be the Military Tournament and Horse Show. The commanding officers, the Hunt Club and the Breeders have arrived at a happy arrangement. The event will be held during the last week in April or the first week in May.

Madame Marcella Sembrich and her company arrived in town yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Graft. The great concert for this (Saturday) evening is interesting society en masse.

A high-class concert in aid of the Hurler Street Art League is to be given in the gallery of the Woman's Art Association on Tuesday evening, February 12. Mayor Howland has consented to give an address on that occasion, and the following well-known artists have offered their services: Mrs. Alex. Cartwright, (Miss Ada Hart), pianist; Miss Sadie Hungerford, soprano; Miss McAlpine, contralto; Mr. Robert Drummond, baritone; Mr. Paul Hahn, 'cellist.

Mrs. Hugh Reid Tudhope (nee Beggs) will hold her post-nuptial reception at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Wellington Bogart, 24 Sussex avenue, on the afternoon and evening of Friday, February 15, and afterwards will receive at 117 Pembroke street on the second and fourth Thursdays.

Miss Bonnick of Jarvis street has gone on a visit to Ottawa, and will not return till about March 1.

Mrs. F. W. Hudson will receive at 71 Beatty avenue, Parkdale, on the second and third Thursdays of each month, beginning on the 14th inst.

Miss Emily Selway, one of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn's most successful pupils, is in much demand this season for concerts. She sang in Mitchell recently, and received the following notice in the "Recorder": "Among the outside talent the singing of Miss Sel-

way, of Toronto, was very much admired. Miss Selway has a full, rich contralto voice, as full of soul as it is of melody, and all her numbers were enthusiastically received." Miss Selway will sing in Exeter on February 15.

After a great deal of "negotiating" Mr. D. J. Howell of the Howell Book Company has been able to secure Mr. Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, N.Y., to lecture here on March 20. This announcement will be interesting to hundreds of admirers of the Roycrofters.

Mr. E. S. Williamson left for Boston, Mass., on Tuesday to attend the annual banquet of the All Around Dickens Club, of which he is a member. On Friday evening Mr. Williamson delivered an illustrated lecture in that city on Dickens' life and works.

Miss Katherine Birnie will give a piano recital in Nordheimer's music store this afternoon, 9th inst. This is the recital that was postponed from the day after the Queen's death.

An Opportunity to Travel West very cheaply—Reduction approximating 25 per cent. in passenger fares to Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon points.

The traveling public and those desiring to change location will be interested in the announcement which comes from the Northern Pacific Railway of a big reduction in one-way rates to the West. These low rates are made particularly to attract additional settlement to all points in Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Washington and Oregon, and tickets may be purchased at St. Paul or Minneapolis on the following dates: February 12, 19 and 26, 1901. March 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1901. April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901.

Never before has such an opportunity been given to the intending settler to reach his new home so cheaply. For further information apply to your local ticket agent, or to Charles S. Fee, C.P. and T.A. Nor. Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

#### A Progressive Company.

A good deal of interest attaches to the annual report of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company in this week's "Saturday Night." The company since the last annual meeting has deposited \$54,723.99 with the Dominion Government, and is now licensed to transact business throughout the Dominion of Canada. Active agencies are now doing business in Ontario, Manitoba, North-West Territories, British Columbia, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Taking the large fire losses which all insurance companies have undergone during the past year, the surplus shown by the Anglo-American of income over expenditure of over \$24,000 can be regarded as satisfactory. At the present time the company has not one fire loss for 1900 remaining unpaid. The Board of Directors, headed by Mr. S. F. McKinnon as president, is an exceptionally good one, and Mr. A. Dean, the manager, is one of the most progressive financial men in the country, and has surrounded himself with an obliging and thoroughly up-to-date staff.

#### A Lovely Catalogue.

The annual catalogue of Canada's greatest seed house, the Steele, Briggs Company (Limited), is just out, and is more attractive and beautiful than ever. The cover and inserts are handsomely lithographed. Horticulturists, market gardeners and everyone interested in such subjects should make sure to obtain a copy of the catalogue.

#### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

##### Births.

Graham—Feb. 4th, Mrs. J. W. Graham, a son.  
Grant—Feb. 5th, Mrs. D. Inglis Grant, a son.  
Wright—Feb. 3rd, Mrs. H. G. Wright, a son.  
Mackenzie—Feb. 2nd, Mrs. M. A. Mackenzie, a son.  
Crawford—Jan. 28th, Mrs. Jas. Crawford, Jr., a daughter.  
Boswell—Jan. Nelson, E.C., Mrs. E. J. Boswell, a son.

##### Marriages.

Truscott—Foules—Jan. 30th, Lewis A. Truscott to Kate Evelyn Foules.  
Ogilvie—Gee—Jan. 25th, Elmer Ogilvie to Louie Alyda Gee.  
Holliss—St. Croix—Feb. 6th, J. Fred Holliss to Marion Evelyn St. Croix.  
Sinclair—Draper—Feb. 6th, Victor A. Sinclair to Gertrude L. Draper.  
Hutton—Brown—Feb. 2nd, W. A. Hutton to Stella Edith Brown.

##### Deaths.

Osler—Feb. 5th, Britton Bath Osler, King's Counsel, in his 87th year.  
Barron—Feb. 1st, F. W. G. Barron, aged 22 years 4 months.  
McGaw—Feb. 1st, Thomas McGaw, in his 65th year.  
Tesseman—Feb. 2nd, Claude Burleigh Tesseman.  
Denovan—Feb. 6th, Jane Macnab Denovan, arvis—Feb. 3rd, Cecil Jarvis, in his 24th year.  
Shaw—Katherine Kergh Shaw, aged 70 years.  
Smyth—Feb. 6th, Margaret Catharine Hughes Smyth, in her 9th year.  
Welton—Feb. 6th, Elizabeth Rogers Welton, aged 10 months.  
Clouston—Feb. 2nd, Carrie Clouston.  
Brighton—Jan. 21st, Elizabeth Mary Brighton, sister of Mrs. Thomas E. Perkins, Toronto.  
Fairweather—Feb. 2nd, Mary J. Fairweather, late of Wingham, Ont.  
Heather—Elizabeth Heather, in her 79th year.  
Chown—Feb. 4th, Martha Chown.  
Burton—Feb. 4th, Wm. Burton, aged 73 years.  
Squair—Feb. 6th, Ann Margach Squair, in her 79th year.  
Amys—Feb. 6th, Matilda Amys, in her 68th year.

#### J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)  
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer  
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